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### BABY'S PICTURE.

BY A. C.

Hang the baby's picture
On the cottage wall,
Where the golden sunshine
O'er his face may fall.
Where the light may soften
All the dimples fair,
As it nestles sweetly
'Neath our darling's hair.

Hang the baby's picture
O'er the chimney-place,
Where he bids us welcome
With his pure, sweet face.
He has gone before us,
But he leaves us joy,
For we know in heaven
He's our angel boy.

# A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

A DAY to myself," said the young governess, as she heard the carriage drive away. "I have not been alone for so long, and I have so much to think of."

A great silence had fallen over the house; there was no sound of laughing voices, no busy tread of feet, no murmur of conversation; the silence seemed strange after the late gaiety and noise. At first a great temptation came to her to roam through the rooms and seek out the traces of Adrian's presence. She might see the books he had been reading, the papers he had touched. She remembered how precious at Bergheim everything seemed to her that he had ever used. It was a great temptation, but she resisted it. She would not disturb the calm that had fallen on her.

"It is of no use," she to herself, "to open my old wounds. I will go out, and then, if the temptation comes to me again, I cannot yield to it. I will go down to the shore and read; there is no one to interrupt me to-day."

She found a volume that pleased her; and then, book in hand, she walked through the woods and down to the shore, where the restless waves were chanting their grand old anthem.

It was only the middle of April, but the day was warm and bright; the sun shone on the blue heaving sea. She sat down under the shelter of a huge boulder, and opened her book; but the beautiful eyes soon wandered from the printed pages; a fairer and far more wonderful volume lay open before her. The place where she sat was so retired and solitary that it seemed as though she were alone in the world. She gave herself up entirely to thought. Past and present were all mingled in one long dream.

It was so delightful to be alone—the luxury was so great. She gave a deep sigh of unutterable relief. Presently the hat she wore incommoded her; she took it off and laid it on the sands. In removing it she disarranged the brown plaits which Mrs. Chalmers had thought such a success. With impatient fingers she removed them, and the graceful head appeared in all its beauty of clustering hair—golden waves of indescribable loveliness. She laughed as the wind played amongst them.

"I am my own self again," she said; "and I may be myself for a few minutes without any one seeing me."

The wind that stirred the clustering hair had brightened her eyes and brought the most exquisite bloom to her face.

She began to think of Adrian, and forgot all about the brown plaits; she was living over and over again those happy days at Bergheim. She was recalling his looks and words, every one of which was impressed on her heart. She had forgotten where she was; the song of the sea had lulled her into a half-waking dream; she forgot that she was sitting there—forgot the whole world—all save Adrian—when she was suddenly startled by a shadow falling between herself and the sunshine, while a voice, half frightened, half wondering, cried out, in tones she never forgot—

"Miss Vaughan!"

With a low cry she rose from her seat and stood with blanched lips; a great dark mist came before her eyes; for one terrible moment it seemed to her that the waters and the sky had met. Then she steadied herself and looked into the face of the man who had uttered her name.

She recognized him at once; it was Gustave, the favorite valet and confidential servant of Lord Chandon. She clasped her hands with a low moan, while he cried again, in a wondering, frightened voice—

"Miss Vaughan!"

He looked at her, a strange fear dilating his eyes.

"I am Hyacinth Vaughan," she said, in a low, hoarse voice.

The next moment he had taken off his hat, and stood bareheaded before her.

"Miss Vaughan," he stammered, "we—we thought you were dead."

"So I am," she cried, passionately—"I am dead in life! You must not betray me, Gustave. For Heaven's sake, promise not to tell that you have seen me!"

The man looked anxious and agitated.

"I cannot, miss," he replied—"I dare not keep such a secret from my lord."

She stepped back with a moaning cry and white lips. She wrung her hands like one who has no hope, no help.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "Oh, Heaven, take pity upon me, and tell me what to do!"

"If you knew, miss," said the man, "what my lord has suffered, you would not ask me to keep such a secret from him. I do not think he has ever smiled since you went away. He is worn to a shadow—he has spent a fortune in trying to find you. I know that night and day he knows no peace, no hope, no comfort, no happiness, because he has lost you. I love my lord—I would lay down my life to serve him. I could not keep such a secret from him."

"You do not know all," she cried.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he returned, sturdily, "I do know all; and I know that my lord would give all he has on earth to find you—he would give the last drop of blood in his heart, the last shilling in his purse. How could I be a faithful servant to him, and see him worn, wretched, and miserable under my very eyes, while I kept from him that which would make him happy?"

"You are wrong," she said, with sudden dignity. "It would not add to your master's happiness to know that I am living; rather the contrary. Believing me dead, he will in time recover his spirits; he will forget me and marry some one who will be far better suited to him than I could ever be. Oh, believe me—believe I know best! You will only add to his distress, not relieve it."

But the man shook his head doubtfully.

"You are mistaken, Miss Vaughan," he said. "If you had seen my master's distress, you would know that life is no life to him without you."

A sudden passion of despair seemed to seize her.

"I have asked you not to betray me," she said. "Now I warn you that, if you do, I will never forgive you; and I tell you that you will cause even greater misery than now exists. I am dead to Lord Chandon and to all my past life. I tell you plainly that, if you say one word to your master, I will go away to the uttermost ends of the earth, where no one shall recognize me. Be persuaded—do not—as you are a man yourself—do not drive a helpless, suffering woman to despair. My fate is hard enough—do not render it any harder. I have enough to bear—do not add to my burden."

"Upon my word, Miss Vaughan," returned the man, irresolutely, "I do not know what to do."

"You can think the matter over," she said. "Meanwhile, Gustave, grant me one favor—promise that you will not tell Lord Chandon without first warning me."

"I promise that," he agreed.

"Thanks," said Hyacinth, gratefully, to whom even this concession was a great deal. "I shall not, perhaps, be able to see you again, Gustave; but you can write to me, and tell me what you have decided on doing."

"I will, Miss Vaughan," he assented.

"And pray be careful that my name does not pass your lips. I am known as Miss Holte here."

With a low bow the man walked away; and they were both unconscious that the angry eyes of a jealous woman had been upon them.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Kate Mansfield, Miss Dartelle's maid, had taken, as she expressed it, "a great fancy" to Gustave. She was a pretty, quick, bright-eyed girl, not at all accustomed to giving her smiles in vain. Gustave—who had been with Lord Chandon for many years—was handsome, too, in his way. He had an intelligent face, eyes that were bright and full of expression, and a somewhat mocking smile, which added, in Kate's mind, considerably to his charms.

He had certainly appeared very attentive to her; and up to the present Kate had felt pretty sure of her conquest. She heard Gustave say that, as his master was out for the day, he should have a long ramble on the sea-shore; and the pretty maid, having put on her most becoming bonnet, made some pretext for going to the shore at the same time. She quite expected to meet him. "And then," as she said to herself, with a smile, "the sea-side is a romantic place. And who knows what may happen?"

But when Kate had reached the shore, and her bright eyes had wandered over the sands, she saw no Gustave.

"He has altered his mind," she thought, "and has gone elsewhere."

She walked on, somewhat disappointed, but feeling sure that she should meet him before she returned home. Presently her attention was attracted by the sound of a man's voice, and, looking round a boulder, she saw Gustave in deep conversation with the governess, Miss Holte.

Kate was already jealous of Miss Holte—jealous of her beauty and of the favor with which Lady Dartelle regarded her.

"I do hate governesses!" Kate was wont to observe to her friends in the kitchen. "I can do with the airs and graces of real ladies—they seem natural—but I cannot endure governesses; they always seem to me neither the one thing nor the other."

Then a sharp battle of words would ensue with Mary King, who was devoted to the young governess.

"You may say what you like, Kate, but I tell you Miss Holte is a lady. I know one when I see one."

And now the jealous eyes of Kate Mansfield dwelt with fierce anger on Hyacinth.

"Call her a lady!" she said to herself, sneeringly. "Ladies do not talk to servants in that fashion. Why, she clasps her hands as though she were begging and praying him about something! I will say nothing now, but I will tell Miss Dartelle; she will see about it."

And Kate went home in what she called a "temper."

Gustave walked away full of thought. He would certainly act honorably towards Miss Vaughan—he would give her fair warning before he said anything to Lord Chandon. Perhaps after all she knew best. It might be better that his master should know nothing of her being there; it was just possible that there were circumstances in the case of which he knew nothing; and there was some rumor in the servants' hall about his master and Miss Dartelle. Doubtless it would be wise to accede to Miss Vaughan's rest and say nothing.

But during the remainder of that day Gustave was silent, so preoccupied, that his fellow-servants were puzzled to discover the reason. He did not even take notice of Kate's anger. He spoke to her, and did not observe that she was disinclined to answer him; nor did he seem to understand her numerous allusions to "underhand people" and "cunning ways."

"I almost think," said Gustave to himself, "that I will send Miss Vaughan three lines to say that I have decided not to mention anything about her; she looked so imploringly at me, I had better not interfere."

Of all the blows that could have fallen on the hapless girl, she least expected this. She had feared to meet Lord Chandon, and had most carefully kept out of his way; she had avoided Sir Aubrey, lest any chance word of his should awaken Lord Chandon's curiosity. She had taken every possible precaution, but she had never given one thought to Gustave. She remembered now having heard Lady Vaughan say how faithful he was, and how highly Adrian valued his services—how Gustave had never known any other master, and how he spared no pains to please him.

"A servant of the old school," Lady Vaughan called him; and she—Hyacinth—had quite overlooked him. She had never given a thought to the probability of his seeing her; in fact she had pondered so much about her lover that she did not even remember Gustave's existence.

And now suddenly he had become the chief person in her world. Her face—nay, her life—lay in his hands—honest hands they were, she knew, and she could rely implicitly on his word.

He would give her fair warning. "And when I get that warning," she said to herself, "I shall go far away from England. No place is safe here. For I would not drag him down—my noble, princely Adrian, who has searched for me, sorrowed for me, and who loves me still. I would not let him link his noble life with mine; the name that he bears must not be sullied by me. It shall not be said of the noblest of his race that he married a girl who had compromised herself. People shall not point to his wife, and say, 'She was the girl who was talked about in the murder case.' Ah, no, my darling, I will save you from yourself—I will save you from the degradation of marrying me!"

She spent the remainder of the day—her

holiday—in forming plans for going abroad. It was not safe for her to remain in England; at some time or other she must inevitably be discovered. It would be far better to go abroad—to leave England and go to some distant land—where no one would know her.

She had one friend who could help her in her new decision. Her heart turned gratefully to Doctor Chalmers. Heaven bless him—he would not fail her.

She must tell him that she was not happy—that a great danger threatened her; and she must ask him to help her to procure some situation abroad. Nor would she delay—she would write that very day, and ask him to begin to make inquiries at once. Soon all danger would be over, and she would be in peace.

The long day passed all too quickly, she was so busy with her plans. It was late in the evening when she heard the carriages return, and soon afterwards she knew that Adrian was once more under the same roof.

* * * * * *

Veronica Dartelle was not in the most sunny of tempers. She had spent a long day with Lord Chandon, yet during the whole of it he had not said a word that gave her the least hope of his ultimately caring for her, while she liked him better and better every day. She wondered if that "tiresome girl" was really the cause of his indifference, or if there was any one else he liked better.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "I have not beauty enough to please him. I hear that this girl he loved was very lovely."

An aversion to all beautiful girls and fair women entered her mind and remained there. She was tired—and that did not make her more amiable; so, when Kate Mansfield came in with her story, Veronica was in the worst possible mood to hear it.

"What are you saying, Kate?" she cried, angrily. "It cannot be possible—Miss Holte would never go to meet a servant. You must be mistaken."

"I am not, indeed, Miss Dartelle. I thought it my duty to mention it to you. They were talking for more than half an hour, and Miss Holte had her hands clasped, as though she were begging and praying him about something."

"Nonsense," said Miss Dartelle—"you must be mistaken. What can Miss Holte know of Lord Chandon's servant?"

Even as she said the words a sudden idea rushed through her mind.

"What if the servant were taking some message from his master?"

"I will make inquiries," she said, aloud. "I will go to Miss Holte."

But further testimony was not needed, for, as Miss Dartelle crossed the upper corridor, she saw Hyacinth standing by the window. To her came Gustave, who bowed silently, placed a note in her hand, and then withdrew.

"I have had absolute proof now," she said. "This shall be ended at once."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY DARTELLE sat alone in her own room. A brilliant fire threw a pleasant heat. The evening had suddenly grown cold and chilly; heavy showers of rain were beating against the windows; the fine warm day had ended in something like a tempest. Then there came a lull. They could hear the beating of the waves on the shore, while from the woods came the sobbing and wailing of the wind; the night came on in intense darkness and cold. Lady Dartelle had ordered a fire in her room, and had told her maid to bring her a cup of warm tea there, for her ladyship was tired with the long day in the fresh air.

She was reclining comfortably, and at her ease, with a new novel in her hand, when the door suddenly opened, and Veronica entered, her face flushed with anger. Lady Dartelle's heart sank at the sight; there was nothing she dreaded more than an ebullition of temper from her daughters.

"Mamma," cried the young lady, "be good enough to attend to me. You laughed at my advice before; now, perhaps, when the mischief is done, you will give more heed."

Lady Dartelle laid down her book with a sigh of fretful resignation.

"What is the matter, Veronica?" she asked, calmly.

"The matter is, mamma, that everything has turned out just as I foresaw it would. Your governess has contrived to get up some kind of acquaintance with Lord Chandon."

Veronica's voice broke down between anger and emotion.

"I feel sure you are mistaken, Veronica. I have reason to think very highly of Miss Holte's prudence. I have not mentioned it to you before, but I have been really delighted with her. She might have caused your brother to make quite a simpleton of himself; but she refrained, and would have nothing to say to him."

Veronica laughed contemptuously.

"Why trouble herself with a baronet, when she can flirt with a lord? I tell you, mamma, that girl is a mass of deceit—all the worse, doubly worse, because she tries to blind you by her seeming simplicity."

"What has she done?" asked Lady Dartelle, gravely.

"Yesterday she declined to go out with us; but the reason was not, as you imagine, self-denial. She remained at home purposely to meet Gustave, Lord Chandon's valet; and my maid saw her talking to him for more than an hour on the sands. Now, mamma, you and I know what such a proceeding means. Of course Miss Holte's education and refinement forbid the notion that she went out to meet a servant for his own sake. It was simply to receive some message from, or arrange some plan about, his master."

"Servants' gossip, my dear," decided Lady Dartelle.

"Nothing of the kind, mamma. Perhaps you will believe me when I say that as I was passing the upper corridor—on my way, in fact, to see Miss Holte—I saw Gustave go up to her; she was standing at the window. He put a note into her hand and went away, after making her a low bow."

"You really witnessed that, Veronica, yourself?"

"I did, indeed, mamma; and I tell you that, with all her seeming meekness, that girl is carrying on an underhand correspondence with Lord Chandon. In justice to myself and my sister, I demand that she be sent from the house—I demand it as a right!" she added, passionately.

"I will inquire into it at once," said Lady Dartelle; "if she be guilty, she shall go. I will send for her."

While a servant was sent to summon Miss Holte to her ladyship's presence, Lady Dartelle looked very anxious.

"This is a serious charge, Veronica. Aubrey has taught her to look upon Lord Chandon as a man of such unblemished honor that I can hardly believe he would lower himself to carry on an intrigue in any house where he was visiting, and least of all with a governess."

"It is quite possible," said Veronica, "that Miss Holte may have known him before he came here; there is evidently something of the adventuress about her."

But when, a few minutes afterwards, Miss Holte entered the room, there was something in the pure lovely face that belied such words.

"Miss Holte," said Lady Dartelle, "I have sent for you on a very painful matter. I need hardly say that during your residence with me I have learned to trust you; but I have heard that which makes me fear my trust may have been misplaced. Is it true that yesterday you met and talked for some time with the servant of Lord Chandon?"

Veronica noted with malicious triumph how the sweet face grew white and a great fear darkened the violet eyes. Hyacinth opened her lips to speak, but the sound died away upon them.

"Is it true?" asked Lady Dartelle.

"It was quite accidental," she murmured, and she trembled so violently that she was obliged to hold the table for support.

"Governesses do not meet men-servants and talk to them by the hour accidentally," said Veronica.

"You do not deny it, then, Miss Holte?"

"I do not," she replied, faintly. She was thinking to herself, "I shall have time to run away before the blow falls;" and that thought alone sustained her.

"I am sorry for it," continued Lady Dartelle. "May I ask also if that same servant brought a note for you this evening, and gave it into your own hand?"

"I refuse to answer," she replied, with quiet dignity.

"No answer is needed," said Veronica—"I saw you receive the note."

A deeper pallor came over the fair face, a hunted look came into the sad eyes. The girl clasped her hands nervously.

"I am sorry that this should have happened," said Lady Dartelle. "Knowing you, Miss Holte, to be a person of refinement and education, I cannot believe you guilty of an intrigue with a servant—that I am sure is not the case. I can only imagine that you have some underhand correspondence with a gentleman whom I have hitherto highly respected—with Lord Chandon."

"I have not. Oh, believe me, Lady Dartelle, indeed I have not! He has never seen me—at least, I mean—— O Heaven, help me!"

"You see," said Veronica to Lady Dartelle, "that confusion means guilt." Miss Dartelle turned to the trembling, pallid girl. "Do you mean to tell us," she asked, "that you do not know Lord Chandon?"

"I—I mean," murmured the white lips, and then Hyacinth buried her face in her hands and said no more.

"I think, mamma," said Miss Dartelle, "that you have proof sufficient."

"I am very sorry that you have forgotten yourself, Miss Holte," said her ladyship, gravely. "I shall consider it my duty to speak to his lordship in the morning; and you must prepare to leave Hulme Abbey at once."

The girl raised her white face with a look of despair which Lady Dartelle never forgot.

"May I ask your ladyship," she said, faintly, "not to mention my name to—to—the gentleman, and to let me go away in the morning?"

This was the most unfortunate question that, for her own sake, she could have asked—it only confirmed Lady Dartelle's opinion of her guilt and aroused her curiosity.

"I shall most certainly speak to Lord Chandon; it is only due to him that he should have an opportunity of freeing himself from what is really a most disgraceful charge."

Hyacinth wrung her hands with a gesture of despair, which was not lost upon the two ladies.

"You can retire to your room," said Lady Dartelle, coolly; "we will arrange tomorrow about the time of your going."

As the unhappy girl closed the door, Veronica turned to her mother with an air of triumph.

"That girl is an adventuress—there is something wrong about her. You will act very wisely to let her go." At a violent blast of the tempest without Veronica paused in her remarks about Miss Holte, and exclaimed, "What a terrible storm, mamma! Do you hear the rain?"

"Yes," replied Lady Dartelle; "they who are safe and warm at home may thank Heaven for it."

The young governess went to her own room and stood there a picture of despair. What was she to do? Gustave, in the little note that he had brought, told her he had decided to obey her and say nothing; so that she had begun to feel a sense of security again. The present discovery was more dreadful than anything she had ever imagined, more terrible than anything else that could have happened. What would Adrian say or think? Oh, she must go—go before this crowning shame and disgrace came! In the morning Lord Chandon would be asked about her, and would, of course, deny all knowledge of her. She would probably be forced to see him then—dear Heaven, what misery!

"I would rather," she said to herself, "die ten thousand deaths. I have wronged you enough, my love—I will wrong you no more."

Perhaps her brain was in some degree weakened by the continual shocks sent by bitter suffering, but there came to her in that hour, the crisis of her life, no idea but of flight—flight—anyhow, anywhere—flight where those cruel words could not follow her—flight, were it even into the cold arms of death.

She would go to Doctor Chalmers and ask him at once to take her abroad to guide her to some place where those who persecuted her could never reach her more. She did not stop to think; every footstep made her tremble, every sound threw her into a paroxysm of fear. What if they should be coming to confront her now with Lord Chandon?

"I cannot see him," she said; "death rather than that!"

At last she could bear the suspense no longer. What mattered the rain, the wind, the blinding tempest to her? Out of the house she would be safe; in the house danger greater than death threatened her—danger she could not, would not, dared not face.

She did not stop to think; she did not even go to the bedside of the little one she loved so dearly to kiss her for the last time; a wild, half-mad frenzy had seized upon her.

She must go, for her persecutors were close upon her, were hunting her down. She must go, or her doom would be sealed. She put on her cloak and hat, and went down the staircase and out by one of the side doors, unseen, unnoticed. The wind almost blinded her, the rain beat fast and heavy upon her; but the darkness, the storm, the leaden sky, the wailing wind, seemed preferable to what lay behind her.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

IT appeared to Adrian, Lord Chandon, on the morning following, that there was some unusual confusion in the house. Breakfast was later than was the rule; there was a sound of hurried footsteps, of doors opening and closing. It had been a terrible night—none of the household ever remembered anything like it. The force of the wind had uprooted great trees; crash after crash had been heard in the woods; the rain had beaten with such violence against the windows that sleep had been impossible; the house itself had seemed to rock in the tempest. It had died away towards morning; the wind was still wailing and sobbing a little, but the sun was shining bright and warm.

Lady Dartelle was late in coming down to breakfast. She looked pale, half anxious, and half angry. When breakfast was over, she asked to speak with Lord Chandon alone, and he followed her to the library. Lady Dartelle had almost lost her self-possession, and Adrian looked at her in wonder.

"My lord," she began, with stately dignity, "this is a most painful matter for me to mention, but I have said nothing of it to my son. Pray tell me, do you know anything of the whereabouts of this unfortunate girl?"

Adrian looked at her in such genuine surprise that she saw in a moment he was feigning.

"I am at a loss to understand you, Lady Dartelle," he replied; "perhaps you will explain."

"Lord Chandon, will you assure me on your honor as a gentleman that you have not been writing to my governess, Miss Holte, and that you know nothing of her flight?"

"Writing to your governess!" he exclaimed. "On my honor as a gentleman, Lady Dartelle, I know nothing of the lady. I have never seen her, have never heard her name till now, and should never have known that you had a governess at all but for your son, who said she was very beautiful."

"My son!" faltered the lady with a sudden recoil. "Can it be Aubrey? I beg your pardon, Lord Chandon," she added, "that I for one moment doubted you. You will understand why I doubted, when you know all. Will you kindly send for your servant, Gustave? The mystery must be solved, for the unfortunate girl has run away, and I am answerable to her friends for her. I had perhaps better explain to you that much scandal has been caused in my household by the fact that my governess met your valet on the sands, and was seen talking to him for more than an hour. One of my daughters also saw him give Miss Holte a note. Now as we could not imagine her capable of any correspondence with a servant, it was only natural to suppose that he was acting for his master."

"I think you might have known me better, Lady Dartelle," said Adrian haughtily.

"Stay, my lord," she entreated. "I sent for Miss Holte and spoke to her. To my surprise, she evinced the utmost confusion, the most terrible agitation. She called on Heaven to help her; and she did not deny that she was acquainted with you. I told her I should consider it my duty to speak to you; and this morning we find that she must have left the house last night—must have been out in all that awful storm. Had I not reason to seek an explanation, Lord Chandon?"

"You had, indeed," he replied; "but I can throw no light on the mystery. I can only repeat my assurance that I do not know Miss Holte; nor am I aware that any lady of that name knows me. Here is Gustave; perhaps he can enlighten us."

The man entered the room in great trepidation. He was evidently ill at ease; he looked pale and frightened.

"Gustave," asked Lord Chandon, "what is this story? For whom have you been carrying notes to Lady Dartelle's governess?"

"For no one, my lord. I took her one note, but it was written by myself."

"I cannot believe it, my lord," said Lady Dartelle. "Miss Holte would never have entered into correspondence with your valet."

"I have never found my servant speak falsely yet," opposed Adrian.

Lady Dartelle went up to the man.

"I am responsible for the young lady to

her friends," she said; "and, as her natural guardian—her employer—I demand to know why you wrote to her."

"I cannot tell you, my lady," returned the man, respectfully.

"My lord, I appeal to you," said Lady Dartelle.

"You must speak, Gustave," spoke Lord Chandon.

"Had your letter anything to do with the young lady's flight?" asked Lady Dartelle.

"Not in the least, my lady," he replied.

"Do you know where she is gone?" said Lady Dartelle.

"I have no more idea than yourself, my lady," he answered.

"Lord Chandon," said the lady, "I must implore of you to make your servant tell what he knows. It is impossible to say what fate has overtaken this hapless girl. You must force him to keep no secrets from us. She may have fallen into evil hands. For Heaven's sake, make him speak!"

"Gustave," said Lord Chandon, sternly, "I command you to tell all you know of the lady."

"My lord, I cannot. I pledged her my word. She prayed to me so—she was so unhappy—she said I should only double her misery. Do not ask me, my lord, to betray her."

"It is for her own sake," urged Lord Chandon, who was growing deeply interested; "you can at least tell us what you know of her?"

The man looked as anxious—so frightened—so unhappy—that his master was puzzled.

"My lord, I saw her before we came here, and I knew a secret about her. When I met her on the sands she asked me not to divulge her secret. I promised to think it over and let her know. I did think about it; and then I wrote a few lines to say that I would not reveal one word. That was the note I gave to her."

"A most improbable story," said Lady Dartelle. "However, you can have no objection to tell us where you met the lady."

"I promised not to betray her, my lady."

As he spoke he looked wistfully at his master, and Adrian thought he saw tears in his eyes.

"Gustave," he said, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, "you have always been faithful to me. Tell me, who—who is this lady?"

"Oh, my lord," cried the man, in a strange voice, "can you not guess? I dare not tell you—my word is pledged—but can you not guess?" And then the two stood for some minutes looking fixedly at each other.

Lord Chandon was puzzled, and then his face changed, a ghastly pallor came over it, the handsome features grew contracted, a fierce flame burned in his eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, in a trembling voice, "that it is—it is Miss Vaughan?"

The man hid his face in his hands.

"I cannot betray her, my lord, but you can guess."

A look of wild excitement came over Adrian's face.

"And you never told me!" he cried. "You knew my life itself was wearing away in one long search for her, and yet you never told me!"

"I could not betray her," repeated the man.

Lord Chandon trembled. He turned to Lady Dartelle.

"I believe," he said, "that the lady you call your governess is the one I have so long searched for—the lady who is betrothed to me—Miss Vaughan."

Lady Dartelle looked at him in surprise too great for words.

"Miss Vaughan," she repeated; "it is not possible!"

"I believe it to be so. Where is she?" he cried, and then a deadly fear fell over him. "Did you say that she went—went out in all that terrible storm?"

"Yes," replied Lady Dartelle, "we have every reason to think so. She has not been in her own room, and Richards tells me that one of the side doors was found mysteriously open last night."

"Then excuse me—I cannot linger here. She must be looked for. Thank Heaven, I have found some trace of her at last! You have not betrayed her, Gustave. Go and tell some of the men-servants to mount and await my orders—you will allow me that liberty, Lady Dartelle?"

"Pray consider every thing and every one at your disposal," she replied. "I will do all I can to help you, for that poor child's sake."

"Where is Aubrey?" he asked; and in a few minutes the young Baronet had heard the story. He could barely conceal his excitement and wonder.

"So that was Miss Vaughan—that lovely, graceful girl! And she has been out in that terrible storm! Poor girl—poor girl! We must go and find her. Send a man on to each of the neighboring railway-stations—there are several trains that leave at night. Tell them to ask everywhere if anything has been seen or heard of the young lady who is missing," said Sir Aubrey Dartelle to one of the servants. "Chandon, we will go to Dipton—that is the nearest. Without doubt she has walked thither, and will take the first train. Do not be uneasy about us, mother, even if we are long absent."

Lady Dartelle withdrew to tell her daughters the astonishing news. It was received by them with mingled anger and dismay. There was of course an end to all their hopes respecting Lord Chandon; yet there was a pleasant excitement about the whole matter. If he found her and married her, then it would be a pleasant thing for them to know one holding the position of Lady Chandon, of Chandon Court.

"What must she have thought of all she has heard us say?" asked Veronica, with a crimson face.

Mildred laughed.

"Good-bye to all your wonderfully clever arrangements," she sneered. "It is to be hoped, for your sake, that Lord Chandon may not succeed in finding her."

The charitable wish seemed likely to be gratified, for Lord Chandon and Sir Aubrey returned without Miss Vaughan. One after another of the men came riding home, and all had the same sad story to tell. At none of the stations, on none of the high-roads, in none of the villages, had any trace been found of the unhappy, helpless girl.

"I will find her," said Adrian to Sir Aubrey—"nothing, humanly speaking, shall prevent it. Will you go down to the sea-shore, Aubrey? And I will take Gustave with me through the woods. I will find her, living or dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CHINESE ALLIGATOR.

The Zoological Gardens recently acquired two specimens of an Alligator from the Yang tse-Kiang, which are the first living specimens that have ever reached England.

Most people know that alligators are characteristically American animals: indeed, the very name alligator, which is a corruption of the Spanish word signifying "a lizard," suggests their natural habitat. It was only in the year 1870 that the existence of an alligator in China was definitely made known.

Western zoologists were in this matter far behind their Chinese brethren, for some of the earliest native works contained records of the presence of these animals; and there are even illustrations which, although decidedly imaginative in detail, portray with considerable accuracy an animal evidently of the crocodile kind. It is variously termed "a dragon," a "fish," and even a "tortoise," and is credited with some remarkable peculiarities.

One of these peculiarities will, it is to be hoped, turn out to have been correctly noticed. The N'go or To is said to reach an extremely green old age, and it has furnished an expression in common use comparable to "Methusalah" with us.

The Zoological Society so often expends considerable sums of money upon an animal which dies as soon as it has arrived, that the chance of a rarity surviving for a moderately long period in captivity is gratifying.

The longevity of this reptile, however, is due, according to the Chinese authorities, to its capacity for existing when deprived of its head and other organs which we are inclined to regard as essential, so that we must not indulge in too sanguine expectations.

The chief use of the N'go among the Chinese, not only in olden times, but today, is in medicine. But, as you must first catch your alligator before converting him into drugs, elaborate methods of chase are given in some of these old books.

A work entitled the "Pen Tsao," ignoring the question of how to catch the alligator, suggests a quaint recipe for killing it: "Pour boiling water down its throat; after a certain time it will die; then you can peel off the skin."

The Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, wrote about these alligators; but his information was apparently set down from hearsay only.

He, too, recommends the use of the body in medicine; the gall, he says, is an excellent remedy for a bite of a mad dog. But its use is not confined to this disease, for there is hardly a complaint to which Chinese flesh is heir that it will not cure.

This reminds us of certain pills and draughts whose names will occur to every one, which are said to perform a like function in the nineteenth century. Not only is this alligator useful when dead, but it has its uses when alive: its bellowing foretells rain; and perhaps there is some truth in that statement.

Another old traveler, Martini, relates a curious use to which these reptiles were put. In a certain part of China was a lake in which were kept herds of alligators.

When his crime could not be definitely brought home to a supposed criminal, the unfortunate individual was thrown into the lake, in order that the reptiles might decide his guilt or innocence.

If innocent, he was let alone; but if guilty, devoured. This test savors somewhat of the ordeal by water for witchcraft; in both cases the results must have been somewhat uniform.

It is surprising that the discovery of a true alligator in China was made so recently, considering the laborious researches into the natural history of that country carried out by the late Consul Swinhoe and Pere David and his associates. But it is not really so surprising as might at first appear that the reptile occurs there.

Alligators and crocodiles have great powers of swimming, and can exist for a long period without food.

CONSUMPTION OF TIMBER.—To make shoe pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year.

Lasts and boot-trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more.

The baking of bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land.

Telegraph poles already represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repairs consume 300,000 more.

The ties of railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all the railroads in the United States would cost $45,000,000 with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs.

These are some of the ways which American forests are going. There are others; packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1884 $12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than $100,000,000.

A NOVEL BOOK CASE.—A very artistic and attractive corner book case is made in antique oak, with a low casing containing three curtained shelves, surmounting a receptacle in the base for holding pamphlets, &c., and capped by an overstructure of paneled wood, extending from the extreme sides of the book case into the angle, the corner itself being filled by a little cupboard with glass doors and shelves for bric-a-brac. The whole effect is very pretty, and offers a novel method of filling the unsightly corner so hard to dispose of in modern dwellings. The panels are sometimes completed by oil paintings on the wood, appropriate to the situation, and the spaces between filled with semi-circular brackets for holding vases or statuettes. The superstructure may be capped by a narrow moulding just wide enough to support a plaque in the angle and on the two sides.

AFTER having been deaf and dumb for 25 years, Dr. Livingstone, of Bennettville, Conn., has regained his power of speech and hearing. About two weeks ago he awoke in the night with a very severe pain in his head. He called out to his wife, who was sleeping beside him. At the sound of his voice she awoke, astonished to hear him pronounce her name. Her words were the first he had heard since he was an infant, and the revelation of his changed condition astounded him. The pain in the meantime grew less acute, and he and his wife talked until morning of his wonderful recovery.

THERE is one more church goer at Orange, New York, than there was, and it is all owing to an athletic Rector. The latter had been urging the man to attend service, and was somewhat astonished at his parishioner's proposition that they should settle the question of his going to church or staying away by a bout with the gloves at a local athletic club. The Rector accepted the challenge and gave his parishioner a handsome and effectual drubbing. On the following Sunday the Rector, on his way to church, called for his late antagonist and the latter faithfully kept his word.

## Bric-a-Brac.

MAPLE SUGAR.—A wonderfully good imitation of maple sugar may be made by flavoring ordinary brown sugar with an extract of hickory bark. It is said to be almost indistinguishable from the genuine.

TAILLESS CATS.—The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. In the Crimea is found another kind of cat which has no tail. The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one-half the usual length, and very often it is tied by nature in a sort of knot which cannot be straightened out.

ATE HIS BOOTS.—The story goes that the bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son of Philip II, took him a pair of boots which were too small to be comfortable, and by the order of the angry Prince they were cut in pieces, boiled, and forced down the wretched fellow's throat, so that he was well-nigh killed.

ZULULAND.—A Zulu chief, when you enter his hovel, remains silent for some moments and seems quite unconscious of your presence. At length he says, in a tone of grave dignity, "Ge saka bona" (I see you), to which you reply in the same way. The longer he takes to "see you," the greater man you are supposed to be; and until you are thus "seen," you must keep silence, and appear as much as possible not to be there at all.

THE DREAMING KITTEN.—The other day, says a correspondent, when kitty lay sound asleep in the cushioned chair she uses for a bed, I put a small piece of fresh beef on the end of a toothpick and held it within half an inch of her nose. After a few seconds the muscles of the throat twitched slightly, the mouth opened, the jaws began to work, and every detail of chewing and swallowing followed, after which she licked her lips, but she slept right on, and she did not awake for some time afterward.

CALVARY.—The following, from Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," may be of interest: "It may be well to remind the reader that there are two errors implied in the popular expression 'Mount Calvary.' 1. There is in the Scriptural narrative no mention of a mount or hill. 2. There is no such name as 'Calvary.' The passage from which the word is taken in Luke xxiii, 33, is merely the Latin translation ('Calvaria') of what the Evangelist calls 'a skull.'"

IN CHINA.—Etiquette is the most formidable feature of Chinese life. It applies to everything, and has a force and meaning unknown to us "barbarians." Its ramifications at times are truly bewildering. It is considered very ill-bred to ask after the health of a man's wife. It is likewise objectionable to remove one's cap in the presence of a gentleman, to wear coat-sleeves that do not cover one's finger-nails, to betray a small appetite, or to wear less than three coats in making a formal visit. There are a thousand other points equally whimsical.

INFLUENZA.—Influenza is apparently as old at least as the reign of Mary Stuart. The following extract is from a footnote on p. 46 of vol. vi. of Lingard's "History of England" (6th ed.) It seems to show, not only that Edinburgh was afflicted in 1564 much as we have been afflicted lately, but that the Queen of Scots herself had the disease: "In November Edinburgh was visited with a 'new dysease' called the 'newe acquaintance;' which passed through the whole courte, nether sparing lorde, ladye, nor damoyseil. Yt ys a paine in their heades that have yt, and a soreness in their stomacke with a greate coughe. The queene keapte her bedde vi. dayes. There was no appearance of danger, nor manie that die of the dysease, excepte some olde folke."

CREMATION.—Sir Spencer Wells, formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons, is an enthusiastic advocate of cremation. In an article which he contributes to the February "Forum," entitled "How to Prevent the Coming of Cholera," he says that "it is vain to hope for the abolition of cholera if its bacilli are still to to be preserved by burying in the earth the bodies of the victims;" and he adds, "the dead bodies of cholera patients are not merely dead organic matter. All dead bodies, whatever may have been the cause, contain myriads of living organisms. As soon as life ceases these organisms assist in the process of decomposition, from poisonous products, and might excite disease if brought by air or water into contact with living beings."

## LITTLE PLAYTHINGS.

BY C. M.

Little playthings of my darlings,
I can see them everywhere;
They are scattered in the hallway,
I have found them on the stair.
From the cellar to the garret,
There is not a place, I ween,
Where the little ones may ramble,
But their playthings can be seen.

Little playthings in the parlor,
Hid behind the easy chair;
Or they rest upon the carpet,
Left by precious children there.
They are strewn from door to window,
On the table, in the chair;
You can see them all around you—
Little playthings everywhere.

Little playthings of our darlings
We should hold in memory dear,
They make those we love so happy,
While they linger with us here.
And when they have crossed the river
We shall find a balm for pain,
When we see their little playthings
Scattered round our homes again!

# TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAJOR DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

DURING the past lonely week Hayes had fallen in the habit of taking his solitary meals in the small parlor where he held his business interviews with his head-groom and his agent. He shrank from the large rooms, with his memories of Hilda; her slender little figure was always present to his mind's eye whenever he found himself in one of them. He could see her seated at the round table in the breakfast-parlor, with the morning sunlight shining upon her dainty face, or he could picture her again at the piano in the drawing-room, singing those old Scotch ballads to Watson, or he imagined her again in her favorite low chair by the fire, with the dogs at her feet. Veritable haunted rooms they were for him in those days. No wonder he deserted them all for the humbler accommodation of the dragon parlor, where he took his meals and sat for hours gazing thoughtfully at the fire, with a pipe constantly between his lips!

It was to this bachelor-like den that he came down on the morning after his long interview with Hilda. The dogs were waiting about in the corridor, anxious for his appearance, and followed him into the room. He was rather surprised to see Minnie among them. That astute old dog had appointed herself to the post of Hilda's especial follower, and was seldom to be found a couple of yards away from the hem of her gown when she was in the house.

"What—have they turned you out, old girl?" he said, as Minnie pushed herself to the front, conscious that the rarity of her appearance there entitled her to a little extra attention. "And so you've come to me as a last resort—eh? Now, Wastrel, no bullying!"—for Wastrel was rather resenting this sudden usurpation of his recently gained post of first favorite. "There's room for you all, old fellow!"

He turned wearily enough to the small improvised breakfast-table, and picked up his letters, then put them down again one by one until he came to an envelope which had not passed through the post. At the sight of this his listlessness vanished. He opened it hastily and took the enclosure over to the window. But he had scarcely read the first half-dozen lines before he strode across to the bell.

"Take the breakfast back until I ring again!" he said, when the servant came. "Send Mattie to me at once! Tell her not to wait for anything!"

By the rapidity with which Mattie answered the summons, it seemed probable that she had been expecting it and kept herself in readiness. As she came in and closed the door behind her, Hayes looked at her keenly. Her eyelids, he saw, were red with crying; but for once he was too anxious on his own account to show his usual patient consideration.

"Well?" he said sternly.

This, after a sleepless night, was too much for Mattie. She looked back at him for a moment in evident doubt as to his meaning, and then put her hands up to her face and broke out into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, Mr. Hayes, sir, don't take it like that," she gasped; "take it any way but that!"

"Where is your mistress?" he demanded curtly.

"Where? Don't you know? Hasn't she told you in her letter?"

"When did she start?"

"Last necht, sir, while you were having your dinner. She went up to London by the quarter to nine train. I thought you know, sir, or I wud hae managed to send you word somehow. She told me that she was going in obedience to your express wish, that things had happened which made her presence in the house awkward for you. Those are the very words she used. It was only when I found that letter to you pinned to the window-blind this morning, when I went to her room, that my heart misgave me."

"How could you believe such a thing—that I would allow her to go away at night by herself in the shattered state she is in?" he cried angrily. "You've done more harm than we may be able to set right—you, in whom I placed such trust! Do you know if she has received any letters from Mackenzie this week? It is important that I should know, Mattie."

"Oh, ay, I ken ye're not one of the spying sort, sir! The mistress had one letter in her mither's handwriting—that is the only one from Scotland all the week, sir."

"And many others?"

"From Mrs. Betterton, sir, several. I'm no given to taking much note that way, sir," she observed apologetically, "but I knew the letters on the envelopes, because, when the patterns came from the stationers to choose from, Miss Sugden brought them to me in her pleasant way and asked me which I liked best, and I was a bit set up because I picked out the very one she had chosen. I knew it again at once, sir—the 'T. B.' in blue and silver."

This news comforted him a little; if Hilda had been hearing so constantly from Terry during that quiet week in her own room, she would most likely think of her first of all when she came to this mad decision.

Now that the first excitement of his fear had passed away, he would not admit even to himself what that fear had been. In the midst of all his anxiety and trouble he was very angry with Hilda for going away like this. It was so unnecessary, such an altogether senseless proceeding. But then she had never been one of the grimly sensible people, he thought pitifully; she had always been a tender, sweet, winning child, brilliant, impulsive, and lovable, but not a person of sound judgment or clear reasoning powers. It was just that dependence on others, that yielding clinging quality, which had made her so very dear to him, which had appealed to the finer attributes of his nature.

When he had dismissed heart-broken Mattie and ordered the dog-cart, he read Hilda's poor little letter again.

"I am going away, Pierrepoint," she wrote, "and you are not to worry about me at all. I leave the annulling of our marriage in your hands. I would rather you took the active part in it. I quite see how awkward it must be for you to have me in the house, so I have decided to relieve us both from the embarrassments of our position without causing you any more trouble. I think I have been trouble enough to you. But that is all over now; and, because it is done with, I think you will forgive me. It would not be like you to nourish resentment against any one.

"HILDA PRIESTLY."

It was one o'clock before he reached the Temple, and half-past two before he could get an interview with Betterton, for the busy young barrister was looking up authorities in a friend's library. He had left word with his youthful clerk that nobody was to be sent after him; but he was sorry when he heard all Hayes had to tell him. He listened patiently through the account of the home-coming, and the meeting with Alice Mostyn, and of all it meant to his informant, and he thought no less of him because he tried to create the impression that Hilda's abrupt departure was entirely due to the discovery that Alice Mostyn was still alive, though Betterton had the best of reasons for believing there was another motive at work also.

"It is a ghastly business altogether," he said, when Hayes had given him a bare outline of the facts—"an affair I could not think of giving an opinion on without weighing it. But you don't want an opinion now?"

"No—I don't care a jot about the legal part of the business at present," returned Hayes, with a sudden twitching at the corners of his sternly-set lips; "my one anxiety just now is to find where the poor little soul has hidden herself away."

"Well, we must hope that we shall find her at Brixton. I don't think anything of her not turning up there last night. She wouldn't be in town till eleven; most likely she wouldn't care to risk disturbing us so late. She'll be there, having her afternoon cup of tea with Terry, you'll see!"

But, when the hansom drew up at the little Brixton villa, and Terry came running to the door as usual, Hayes guessed by her look of surprise at the sight of him that Hilda was not there.

"Something has happened!" she said quickly, holding out both hands in eager welcome to him as he came up the steps. "I have known it was coming all the week—I told Jim so!"

In her quick sympathy she forgot to wait for her husband; she hurried her guest into the pretty little drawing-room and gently pushed him into Jim's own easy-chair.

"It is Hilda!" she went on, with a catch of breath. "You would not look like that for anything else! Is she ill?"

"She came up to town last night unknown to me. I don't know where she is," he said shortly.

Terry clasped her hands in great distress.

"Oh, how I wish I had come to you days ago, when I wanted to! Jim wouldn't let me; he said that it was best to leave you alone, that interference would do more harm than good; and I thought he must know best; but, oh, I wish I had come!"

Hayes turned his anxious eyes to Betterton as he came in.

"You knew something, then?"

"Yes. It is always difficult to know what to do for the best in such cases, and perhaps I have made a mistake this time," Betterton answered very gravely; "but, when you are all in the dark, you can't be too cautious how you go. If I knew now—you see, we know you left Mackenzie House very suddenly——"

"You know more than that, Betterton; you know the circumstances of our leaving."

"Some of them. I wish I might speak out without fear of annoying you."

"Oh, Jim," cried Terry, too hurt by the expression on the face of their visitor to control herself a moment longer, "Jim, don't torture him any more with your caution! We know that you think our poor little Hilda was going to run away with Hugh Mackenzie when she left Lord Morristown's house in that foolish way; but she wasn't, Mr. Hayes! Hugh telegraphed to me directly he reached the railway station, asking me to receive Hilda and one of his sisters for a few days. That does not look much like an elopement—does it? Then, later in the day, he telegraphed me that they were not coming, and, when I wrote for explanations, he wrote back and told me everything. He is in an awful state about the misunderstanding between you and Hilda. He said she was so heart-broken—— Yes, I am going to tell everything, and risk it, Jim, so it's of no use your signalling me to be quiet! It's not my idea of friendship to stand by and see the people you like best in the world made unhappy for the want of a little candid speaking! Hugh Mackenzie told me that Hilda was so heart-broken over a flirtation between a Mrs. Somebody and you, Mr. Hayes, that she had grown desperate at last, and ran away because she couldn't bear any more of it. He said that his overtaking her was an accident, but you believed it was part of a set plan. The poor fellow was evidently afraid, I should think so too, for he enclosed a note he had written to his sister from the station, asking her to come on to Perth at once, to travel to London with Hilda, as she was bent on going and wasn't fit to go alone. Well, now, that note is written on a telegram form, and, by some extraordinary piece of good luck, it is stamped with the office stamp, so that there can be no deception about it, you know."

Hayes sat listening to Terry's eager rush of words, with his features as rigid as a stone mask. But neither of his companions was deceived as to the real state of his feelings.

"You see," Terry went on, brushing away a tear as she began to busy herself about the tea-table, "Hugh wrote me in the frankest manner, Mr. Hayes—asked me to go down to Cruxwold and disabuse your mind of that mistaken notion of yours. But my lord and master here would not allow it—said I should do more harm than good with my interfering; so I was obliged to content myself with writing."

"So I was mistaken," he said gently. "There is comfort in knowing that, Terry—vast comfort! It is only one more injustice against the poor child. Had it been any other man, I should not have been so ready to think evil perhaps; but you know——"

"Oh, yes, I know!" cried Terry, laughing rather guiltily. "But that childish folly is quite an affair of the past. Hilda has no room in her heart now for anybody but her husband!"

He looked at her with such a quiet patient smile, which made her feel as if she would like to shake him and cry over him at the same time.

"That polite little fiction never existed for us from the first. Terry, Hilda told me, before she had been my wife half a dozen hours, that her mother had forced her into the marriage against her will, that her chief feeling for me was one of repugnance."

"Mr. Hayes!"

"Yes. Let me speak a bit, Betterton. Shut me up if I bore you past endurance. In all my life I never felt the inclination to pour out my woes before; but now, somehow—"

"My dear fellow," said Jim, holding out his hand with a quick touch of warmest sympathy, "don't you know that Terry and I haven't a dearer wish than to be of service to you and Mrs. Hayes? We shall be only too glad to listen, be sure of that!"

"But, Mr. Hayes, I must tell you. Is it possible that you imagine Hilda has still that—that—what did you call it?—that feeling of repugnance for you? Don't you know that she is frantically in love with you? Can't you see for yourself that that was what caused the trouble, that that was why she could not sit quietly by and remain indifferent to your attentions to another woman? Is it possible that you have not found out that your wife adores you?"

Hayes could not find any answer to this direct question; he sat without speaking a word, with his eyes fixed eagerly upon Terry's face. If he could only believe what she was telling him, if he dared believe it, what would all the past disappointment and bitterness of his life count for in comparison with such a joy as this? Present difficulties and complications would be as nothing. Would he not have strength and resolution to overcome all and everything with such a joy as this in view at last—the love of his soft-eyed pure-souled little darling?

"It is true indeed!" declared Terry, with quiet emphasis. "You may take my word, I assure you! Though Hilda never said it in so many words, I know I could not be mistaken in the symptoms. I knew them too well by my own experience, you see," she added, glancing at Jim, with a laugh at her own expense.

"But it is not possible, Terry!" said Hayes at last, his voice very deep and husky. "I must have known it if it had been so—I must have known!"

"How?" she asked bluntly. "Did you ever ask her? Did you ever take any means to find out?"

"Yes; the nonsense between Mrs. Mountjoy and me was contrived for that purpose."

"Well, then," she cried triumphantly, "hasn't it exactly fulfilled its purpose? Haven't you driven her mad with jealousy, you wicked cruel man? What further proof do you want? Do you suppose Hilda would come to you and tell you she loved you, and ask you to have pity on her and leave off flirting with that odious book-woman? With all her sweet little ways, Hilda is too proud ever to do that, Mr. Hayes. She would never beg for your love in any circumstances, least of all when she thought it was bestowed elsewhere."

The stricken man's eyes wandered to Betterton's attentive face, and he smiled faintly, as if he were rather ashamed of himself.

"This must be exciting for you," he said. "You see, I've been playing with edged tools, and I've met with the usual result—I've cut myself badly. The mischief of it is that I've hurt her too. If I had only known—if I could only have guessed! Heavens, it seems impossible! What a game of cross-purposes it has been! And the cruelty of it—to find it out just when she has hidden herself away like this!"

"But that is just why you have found it out!" interposed Terry. "Nothing short of desperation would have induced you to open your heart; and how could any one else speak unless you spoke first? And now the next thing to do is to find

the runaway. Poor, impulsive, foolish little thing! You will let us put you up, Mr. Hayes? You'll meet her sooner so, for she is bound to come to me."

"Oh, that is understood!" said Jim promptly.

But Hayes shook his head.

"I shall not be able to rest in any place, I fear, while I'm so anxious; I should wear you to death with my fidgeting. Besides, if she knew I was here, it would keep her away."

"There I am sure you are wrong," Terry began; but Jim interrupted her.

"There are reasons of which you know nothing yet, Terry, which might induce Mrs. Hayes to avoid a meeting with her husband just now."

"Yes, you must tell her all about it, Betterton. There is no occasion to make a secret of it; it will be public gossip in a few weeks' time. If she should come to you, make her understand that nothing is farther from my intention than to force my society upon her. But understand me—if what you have told me is true—if she—if she has really overcome her old—prejudice, we will call it, sufficiently to—to—— It is so difficult to say what I mean!"

"In short," said Terry briskly, understanding his shyness and liking him heartily for it, "if she loves you well enough to overlook your wicked flirtation with Mrs. Mountjoy and forgive and forget the past——"

"Just so, Terry! In that case, Betterton, make her understand that I will never rest until I have found a way out of the present difficulty, until I am free to come to her again—free to try once more to make her life as happy as I can."

"Leave that part of your case in Terry's hands," suggested Betterton, with a whimsical smile at his wife; "she has conducted it so well up to now that I shouldn't like to interfere."

Hayes turned gratefully to Terry, with outstretched hands.

"I can't thank you in words, Terry!" he said simply.

"Then don't try," she returned, laughing up at him because she did not want to add to his emotion. "Thank me when we have found Hilda again. Where are you going to look for her first, Mr. Hayes?"

"I am going to her mother's old lodgings in Kensington first. And I want you to let me put an advertisement in the daily papers, as if it came from you, Terry, asking her to come here."

"Of course!" said Terry. "Let us word the advertisement now."

"You know, Hayes," observed Betterton later on, as the two men went to the door together, "I don't want to damp your spirits, but, if this Mostyn woman chooses to be obnoxious, it will take a long time to get your divorce through. You see, your witnesses are on the other side of the world, and she may choose to keep out of sight herself, which will increase the difficulty."

But Hayes refused to be cast down.

"What is that sort of worry compared with what I have already gone through?" he cried impulsively. "I can't talk about it, Betterton, but there is such a joy at my heart to-night that I can face anything—anything but the thought that Terry may be mistaken, after all. Good heavens, Betterton, put yourself in my place, and imagine how you'd feel in the same circumstances!"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. MOUNTJOY received a call from Mr. Hayes the next morning, in the course of which she was considerably astonished.

"I am delighted to see you!" she said. "I have been consumed with anxiety. Why did you not answer my letters?"

"Have you written?" he asked absently.

"That mind of your wife's is a treasure," she went on. "On the morning you disappeared so mysteriously she set the story going through the house that a will of your late uncle's had been discovered, and that it threatened your possession of the property. I really think half the people believed it! I knew there was something more serious in the wind, but I could not imagine what. If Hugh Mackenzie had also disappeared, I should have known what to think."

"And you would have been wrong," remarked Hayes, and thereupon set about the task of enlightening her upon the events of the past few days.

"It is a romance as it stands," she said, when she had at last mastered the whole story, "without the least embellishment—complete in itself, all but the denouement; that has yet to come. Poor little creature! I wonder where she has got to? You mustn't worry more than you can help, Pierre; she will soon grow tired of being alone and show herself. You looked fagged out—as if you had been up all night."

"I have," he answered, with a quiet smile. "I should have gone mad shut up in a bed-room. Inaction was impossible to me; I was obliged to move about. I was alone in the darkness on Wimbledon Common at two o'clock this morning, and I was back before five among the sludge of Covent Garden, with the early florists' carts."

"That is just what I should have expected of you," she observed. "But that sort of thing doesn't pay in the long run, you know, though it is all very well for a change."

"Oh, I shall be able to rest as soon as I know where she is! It is the anxiety that keeps me on the fidget, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know!" she answered; and then, with a change of manner, she added, "I was right, you see, Pierre. I always said that that dove-eyed little girl was madly in love with you."

He laughed and flushed like a girl.

"I know you did. Would to Heaven I had believed you, and gone in to win there and then!"

He went away sooner than his hostess liked. He could not remain away from his hotel many hours, he said, because a wire might come from Mrs. Betterton with news.

After his departure, Mrs. Mountjoy seemed disinclined to settle down to her work again, and, with lowered brows and compressed lips, spent a full hour pacing her quiet study. Two or three times she attempted to start writing again; but she gave it up definitely at last, and picked up the newspaper, impatient at her own inability to control her thoughts. There was not much news to interest her, but she forced herself to read column after column of dry matter, hoping thus to regain her self-command.

Going steadily through the sheet, she presently came to a short paragraph which told how a lady had been run over in the yard of the Charing Cross railway-station, and so seriously injured that she was conveyed to the neighboring hospital at once. Special prominence was given to the paragraph by request of the hospital authorities, in the hope that it might lead to the identification of the injured woman, who had given her name as "Mostyn," but refused any further information about herself, on the grounds that she was alone in the world, and had no friend or relative whom she would care to summon to her death-bed.

"Mostyn!" exclaimed Mrs. Mountjoy aloud. "If this should be Pierre's wretched wife!"

"This is not the visiting hour, madam," said the porter at the Charing Cross Hospital an hour later, as an elegantly-dressed woman swept past him into the hall.

"No?" she said. "But my visit is very special; I think they will admit me. It is about a case I saw in the paper this morning—a lady named Mostyn who was run over."

"Oh, there's a lady this very minute gone up to see if she can identify her, ma'am! The nurse will take you both in at the same time if you hurry. James, show this lady up to the accident side, ward number three, and see that she gets taken in!"

Following her guide with quick noiseless steps, she found herself presently in a long corridor, and there, a few paces distant, leaning her head against the wall just outside one of the doors, stood Hilda Hayes!

A nurse was standing near Hilda, waiting apparently until she should have recovered herself. She looked inquiringly at Mrs. Mountjoy as she hurried towards Hilda, a look which that lady answered by a quick decisive nod. The next moment they were all three walking quietly towards the farther end of the ward, the nurse first and Hilda next, in complete ignorance of who was behind her.

The patient in the last bed appeared to be asleep as they drew near; but the faint gasp Hilda gave at the first glimpse of the woman's face caused her eyes to open instantly. For a moment she looked incredulously at the pale little lady at the foot of the bed; a slight flush crept into her white face, and she smiled faintly.

"Is it really you or your ghost, Mrs. Hayes?" she said feebly; and Hilda, moving quietly forward, bent down and lightly kissed the slim white fingers outside the coverlet.

As she bent down, the brown eyes of the patient wandered inquiringly to the face of the other visitor—a very pitiful face this was too just then, with a world of womanly sympathy toning down its usual vivacity.

"Who is that with you?" asked the feeble voice again.

And Hilda, turning her head, shrank away in her great surprise, but answered gently that is was a friend of Mr. Hayes'.

"He isn't here, is he?" asked the woman, with a look of fear in her eyes.

"No, no, he is not here," Hilda answered, laying her hand soothingly upon the restless fingers. "Though surely you would like to see him?" she added pleadingly. "I am sure he will want to come when he knows. What more natural?"

"No, no—I dare not see him," she muttered vehemently—"I dare not! He would kill me if he knew all!"

"But you are together mistaken," said Hilda. "He would be the last person in the world to bear ill-will against anybody."

"I dare say. But he could never forgive me for all the harm I have done him; I am past forgiveness. Ah, you don't know," she added, as Hilda would have spoken—"you don't know half, nor yet he! It seems strange to me now, why I should have liked to torment you both as I did. How did you know I was here?" she asked suddenly.

"I saw an account of your accident in the paper," answered Hilda, "and I hoped you might be pleased to see me."

"I am. You were always such a dear kind little soul! I used to call you a soft little fool, but in my heart I knew all the time that you made me ashamed of what I was doing."

"Never mind about that now."

"Oh, but, but I do! I can set straight one bit of mischief I did, and I'll do it now at once. I think I shall be able to rest when I have done it."

"Some other time," interposed Hilda; but the suggestion was passed over as if it had not been made.

"It was all a batch of falsehoods I told him about Alice Mostyn, you know," she went on steadily. "Alice did really die a little while after she came home from Australia, and I am really the other sister, Amabel!"

Hilda stepped back with a low cry, her scared eyes fixing themselves in startled horror upon the thin white face on the pillow.

"It is quite true, Mrs. Hayes. All my life I have been a liar and a mischief-maker for the mere pleasure of the thing; but it is different when you come face to face with death—things look altered somehow. I shouldn't like to tell you a deliberate lie just now, with the end so near."

The nurse had withdrawn some time before. Hilda looked wildly about her and met Mrs. Mountjoy's warning glance from the other side of the bed, where she stood with upraised hand, silently urging Hilda not to give way to her emotion. The girl stood for a moment or two feeling as if she must scream or die; but the hysterical spasm passed away with the resolute effort she made, and she turned again to the dying woman.

"Why did you do it?" she asked gently. "Had he ever harmed you?"

"No. I did not really mean to do it at the start. When I saw his name in the paper last May, in the announcement of his marriage, the idea came to me first as a joke, to give him a fright and perhaps get a little money out of him. I did not think he would believe it, or at least I thought he would find out the hoax the moment he saw me; but he didn't. I had never seen him before, and, when he came hurrying up to Edinburgh, I should not have known who he was if he had not asked for 'Alice' Mostyn. I was a little frightened when I saw him, saw what a determined sort of man he was, and I felt afraid to confess to the hoax, you see. And then—something else—I was not in a fit state to receive any one that night, and he saw it, and showed his disgust so plainly that I got spiteful, and made up my mind to pay him out for his airs and graces by keeping the game up for a little while. Things just then too made it so easy to pay him out—the fire and the foolish nonsense of the gossips. I expect it was really I who set the fire going. I wanted to find out where he was staying, and, in my haste to follow him, I upset the table with the lamp—caught it with my cloak as I rushed out of the room—and wouldn't wait to see to it. I was horrified when I saw what I had done; it sobered me, and I went down to the railway station and got out of Edinburgh the next morning. Then the idea came to me of making a living out of him after he had married you. I was tired of the hard work of acting, my wardrobe had been burned, and I had had one or two sharp hints from the stage-manager about losing my cues and the reason of it. I had the money he had given me in my pocket. I came to England, and bided my time quietly for a month or two."

"But he did not know," murmured Hilda. "He would never have gone on——"

"No, you are right; he did not know. Well, two months after your marriage, I saw by the papers that he was going away, and a day or two afterwards I saw your advertisement for a companion. I was at Worthing at the time, staying in the same house with a girl who had just lost her aunt, and who was hurrying away from Worthing in hatred of the place. 'I will forget the place as soon as I can,' she used to say. 'I will never come near it again!' Her name was Fisher—Annette Fisher—the name I used when I came to you. When Mr. Burtenshaw wrote for my reference, the Worthing clergyman thought it was a girl whom he was writing about, which was just what I intended; and so I worked my way into your house. This will suit me even better than worrying him, I thought. I shall get an easy appointment and the chance of working in harm at the same time. And so I came and threw myself in your way at Cruxwold, and you engaged me, and I made enough mischief even to satisfy myself, and should be doing it still but for your unexpected return from Scotland a week ago. My greatest wonder is how I escaped being found out so long."

Hilda, with her hands clasped tightly across her breast, stood looking down at the exhausted woman as if she found it absolutely impossible to believe what she had heard.

"Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful!" she said. "He—Pierrepoint—Mr. Hayes—would have done as much and more for you if you had come frankly to him and told him who you were. He would have done it for the sake of his dead wife. And then—then we might all have been so happy together! But now——" A glance at Mrs. Mountjoy finished the sentence, so far as they two were concerned, though Amabel Mostyn did not see it.

The dying woman shook her head, and there was even an expression of contempt in her eyes as she glanced at Hilda.

"I could never have lived that life," she said—"I could never have existed without excitement of some sort! Even the constant scare I was in lest Hayes should discover me some days helped to keep me alive during the two months I was at Cruxwold. I could never have subsided into the contentment of flawless respectability, so don't grieve over that. There goes two o'clock!" She broke off abruptly, and the change of manner was almost rapturous. "Time for my next dose! They let me have a little brandy now, because they know nothing can make any real difference."

As she spoke, the nurse came down the room with a wine-glass in her hand, and at the sight of the glass the watchful brown eyes lighted up in a way which set Hilda trembling again, though she could scarcely have explained why.

"I don't think I would remain any longer," said the nurse, when the dose of stimulant had been eagerly taken. "She will rest a little now most likely."

Hilda stooped and again kissed the hands lying outside the coverlet, and at the touch of her soft cool lips Amabel Mostyn opened her eyes dreamily.

"Kiss my lips!" she whispered. "Do you mind? No woman has ever kissed me since Alice died."

Hilda, whose heart was touched by a note of forlornness in the words, bent over her and kissed her with a lingering tenderness which seems to rouse some long-forgotten memories in her torpid brain.

"Mother used to kiss me like that in the long, long ago," she said, with a dreamy smile. "Good-bye! Come again soon!"

"There is not the slightest hope," the nurse told them, when they were out in the corridor. "Her injuries would not have killed a woman in ordinary health, but blood-poisoning has set in."

Mrs. Mountjoy looked keenly at the nurse.

"We should be very glad of any details," she said quietly. "The poor soul has not a relative; it was only our knowledge of her loneliness that brought us here."

"And you have no knowledge of her habits at all, then? The people who brought her in said the accident was not the fault of the 'bus-driver. She reeled and fell under the wheels. She was not in a state to take care of herself, you see. She admitted as much to the doctor. She said she had not been sober for a week. It was some shock she had had sent her off madly on the drink. We concluded that it was some family trouble."

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Mountjoy. "Poor misguided soul!" And then she turned to Hilda. "You will let me set you down, Mrs. Hayes? The brougham is waiting for me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## EVERY YEAR.

BY W. C.

I feel 'tis growing colder
Every year;
And my heart, alas! gets older
Every year.
I can win no new affection;
I have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

## Settled at Last.

BY R. W.

MY dear Clara, I cannot conceive why you refused him! It is the best offer you have had," sighed little Mrs. Foster, as she sat, vainly trying to occupy herself with that conglomeration of threads called by the initiated "tatting;" her eyes, however, frequently wandering from it to her sister's face.

It was not a handsome face, you would say. Brown eyes, a broad forehead, and somewhat large mouth, are the principal features therein; the nose being hopelessly insignificant—a face more remarkable for decision than beauty; and yet, behold in Clara Brooke the enchantress of some five rejected suitors, in this her first season.

"When do you intend to settle?" ventured Mrs. Foster, after a silence, in which she waited despairingly for some remark from her sister.

"Settle!" returned Clara from the window whence she stood, looking out. "I might have been settled, as you call it, five time during these three months—yes, five times," she added, reflectively. "Settled, indeed! as if that was a girl's only aim and object in life. Really, Cecilia, I should think you might have more sense; but," she broke off, half contemptuously, "I ought not to visit your husband's sins on your poor little head. Do you think I don't know to whom I am indebted for this lecture, which has caused you so much worry, and in the end proved so ineffectual?" and Miss Brooke smiled as she thought how ineffectual.

"You are mistaken, Clara," began her sister, with dignity.

"Never mind," said Clara: "you can tell Mr. Foster that he need not trouble himself any more about 'settling,' for I have settled myself for the present. I am going to Germany."

"To Germany!" repeated Mrs. Foster, terror-stricken.

"Yes, to Germany," was the reply. "I have corresponded with the principal of a school there, and I had a letter from her this morning saying that she would be ready to receive me next Thursday. I shall have an escort across, as Captain and Mrs. Crossely are going to start for Cologne the same day, and have promised to take care of me."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Foster, her face one maze of perplexity and annoyance. "You are too old to go back to school; and I am sure," she added, querulously, "that when you were there you did not do much good."

"Just the very reason," smiled Clara, complacently. "I am going to try and 'redeem my mis-spent moments,' as pupil teacher, at Frau Werner's," she added, bringing the information out leisurely, and enjoying the consternation depicted on her sister's face.

"Clara, it is a shame," began Mrs. Foster, half crying with vexation and bewilderment; "you must be joking; you would never disgrace yourself so!"

"Tu vas voir, ma sœur," was the laughing answer, as the young lady left the room.

"What will James say to this?" soliloquized Mrs. Foster. "It's dreadful. She must be mad, and my own sister too—oh dear, I hope madness isn't in the family. Any other girl with half her chances would have been comfortably married by this time."

Here the little woman went off into a reverie about her own courtship and marriage, which was interrupted by the entrance of the principal actor therein—a handsome, good-natured looking man, with his son and heir seated on his shoulder, who was singing at the top of his voice the most boisterous of "Christy melodies," to an accompaniment of the tambourine.

As the tinkling of the tambourine died away in the distance as the boy ran back to the nursery, Mr. Foster turned laughing to his wife.

"You spoilt that boy, Cissy," said he. "Why, what's the matter, little wife? you look bored," he continued, seating himself beside her, and passing an arm round her waist.

Poor troubled little Mrs. Foster, it needed only that little bit of sympathy to open the flood-gates. She leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and indulged in what is to some women the greatest of all luxuries, a "good cry." And though I do not entirely approve of the tears, I will give Mrs. Foster the credit of having chosen the very best place to enjoy them in. Of course, she was coaxed, and kissed to her heart's content; for the husband of seven happy years had not yet forgotten how to play the lover.

"What's it all about, darling?" he asked presently, when the tears began to show signs of ceasing.

"It's about Clara. She—what do you think, James?—she has refused Arthur Erskine!"

"And spoilt the schemes of the veriest little match-maker that ever lived," he laughed, pinching his wife's blooming cheek. "Well, what other sin has she committed?"

"Don't be ridiculous, James," rejoined Cecilia, half laughing. "She wants to go to Germany—to Germany, only think!"

"Well, dear, let her go," returned the good man.

"But you don't understand," said his wife. "She wants to go as governess-pupil to some boarding-school."

"The best thing that could happen to her," chimed in James Foster, heartily. "It'll cure her of some of her airs, and relieve my little wife of no end of anxiety, eh?"

"But it's such a disgrace," said Mrs. Foster.

"I don't see it, my dear," was the blunt reply. "It'll do her good."

"Yes, but you see," sighed his wife, unable so easily to relinquish her pet schems, "if she had married Arthur Erskine——" She paused for words to express how great would have been her satisfaction at beholding her sister the wife of so wealthy a man.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,

hummed Mr. Foster, smiling quaintly at his wife. "That was about the English of it, wasn't it, Cis?" he asked.

"James, you're just a tease," she retorted, now fairly laughing."

And so it was settled that Clara should go to Germany, at any rate for a year.

Perhaps some of my readers know what it is to leave a comfortable home, to go amongst strangers, in a foreign land; people whose very language is strange, and who, on first acquaintance, seem to have nothing in common with you.

Those who have, will be able to understand something of Clara Brooke's feeling after a week's experience of her German home. Believe me, it is very easy to contemplate separation from all near and dear to us, while the parting is yet to come. But a week later, when we have left them hundreds of miles behind us—ah, it is another matter then.

Poor Clara! as she sat in her little bedroom at Dusseldorf, pen in hand, looking at the bare floor and scanty furniture, she was fain to wish herself back to England, and she knew that a word to her brother-in-law would accomplish her wish; but she was not a girl to turn back from a project once taken in hand, because the beginning was a little dreary. So she wrote a cheerful letter to Cecilia, and made up her mind.

"I do not find German difficult," she wrote, "and the more I study it, the more I like it. I have very few duties to perform, and Frau Werner is very kind. Tell James I thank him very much for wishing to increase my allowance; but what I have is ample, and indeed I could not accept more."

A month's residence in Dusseldorf considerably reconciled Clara to the place; and, indeed, she had not a hard time of it. In her letters to her sister during the ensuing six months, she described her amusements and the people she met.

"There are a good many English residents, and I have been introduced to several of them, as well as to one or two nice German families. Frau Werner has no objection to our going out occasionally, provided the society is good. We also have soirees at home, to which we are each allowed the privilege of inviting one friend, and we have singing and playing. I am getting on famously with German and singing. The singing-master, by-the-bye, I have forgotten to mention to you before. His name is Heinrich Halinger; he is a clever man enough, but conceited, and wants taking down."

James Foster laughed heartily as he read this part of the letter. "Conceited is he? I only hope he's a match for her," was his comment.

And he was a match for her, though not in that way. There were continual battles between them, and Heinrich Halinger had more than once hinted to her who was master.

But one day they came to open warfare; it was at her singing lesson. She was in a bad humor that day, and sang carelessly; both of which things Herr Halinger did not fail to remark. Her lesson was a beautiful German air, requiring much care and expression to sing it correctly, and she had rattled over it in the most indifferent manner. Three times the master patiently heard it through, with no better success, and then he shut the song up.

"You cannot sing it, Fraulein," he said, wearily. "Try this," he added, placing one before her which she had already learnt. But after three bars of blundering, Herr Halinger stopped his pupil. "You are behaving strangely to-day, Fraulein Brooke," he said gravely. "I have repeatedly heard you sing that song without a mistake, and you could do it to-day, if you chose."

She shrugged her shoulders, but neither looked at him nor replied.

"Will you sing it?" he asked, unmoved by her airs, as Mr. Foster called them. Still no answer. She only stood there sullenly, with folded arms, and her eyes wandering to the window, as who should say, "We'll see who conquers." He smiled a peculiar smile to himself, as he took out his watch.

"I will give you ten minutes to decide," he said, "and at the end of that time you will either sing the song properly, or I will not give you another music lesson."

He then seated himself at the piano, and began to play to himself, watching her face all the time, though she was not aware of it. She sat indifferently turning over the leaves of a book.

"Your decision, Fraulein?" said the master; "the ten minutes are up."

She sat silent, so he strode towards the door; as he reached it, a low voice arrested him.

"I will sing it, Herr Halinger."

He came back, and stood beside the instrument. He had conquered.

The song was not sung very creditably, but she did her best, though nervous and flurried.

"Fraulein Brooke," said the master as she finished, laying his hand on her shoulder and looking down with his dark eyes (particularly dark eyes they were for a German), "will you not let us be friends?"

She put out her hand trembling—she, the London belle, she, the rejector of five suitors—and he took it, held it a moment as if he would have said something, and then dropped it with a cold "Good morning."

"Bah!" he said, "I have almost made a fool of myself. And yet," he mused, walking homewards, "it was worth trying for. 'Nothing venture, nothing win.'" But at the next lesson he was as distant to her as a stranger.

One day, when she had been nearly a year in Germany, Clara received a letter from her sister, begging her to come as soon as the year was over, and remain in England. "Arthur Erskine is dead," she wrote, "poor fellow. I am glad you did not marry him. He died suddenly, a few days ago, of heart disease. They say his cousin, Henry Erskine, will succeed to all the property. He is abroad somewhere, very poor—teaching, I think," she added.

Clara thought over the letter, and decided that she would not return. She was very happy in Dusseldorf, and the old Frau Werner had grown to be as fond of her as a mother. That any other reason influenced her she did not acknowledge even to herself.

"This is the last lesson I shall give, Fraulein," said Herr Halinger one day as Clara seated herself at the piano. She started and glanced up at him:

"Is it?" she asked.

"Yes. I am going to leave Dusseldorf. You will not regret it, quant a moi. But now for the lesson. Sing this," he said, taking up an English song from her portfolio.

"Why?" she asked, mechanically, without looking at it.

"To please me," he replied.

She began the song ("Strangers yet"), feeling a sort of oppression, and at the last verse broke down entirely.

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-day," she said, impatiently choking back the sobs. "I am not well. Please excuse my singing it, Herr Halinger."

"Then, as it is the last lesson, I will sing something to you," he said, turning over all the music in her case. "Ah, this will do. Will you have the kindness to turn over the leaves? Thanks."

In a rich and clear tenor he sang John Hatton's old love song, "Good-bye, sweetheart;" and Sims Reeves himself could hardly have surpassed the expression with which it was sung; and at the last lines—

I could not leave thee, though I said
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye,

Heinrich looked up at Clara as she stood beside him, and their eyes met. The secret was out now.

I need not tell you all the nonsense they talked. Heinrich asked the question he had been longing to ask, and got a very satisfactory answer.

"When will you change your name, liebchen?" he asked, and added, "let it be soon. I am afraid there is one thing which you won't like, though," he said, smiling. "Have you set your heart on changing it to Halinger? because that's not possible. Don't you want to know what your name will be, Fraulein?" he asked, mischievously.

"Tell me," she said, not caring much on the whole what it was, so it was he that bore it.

"How do you think Mrs. Henry Erskine will sound?" he asked.

"Henry Erskine!" she said, starting.

"Yes," said he. "I am aware it is unfortunately similar to the one you refused a year ago; but you can't retract. Are you sorry to give up the poor singing-master for a rich man, little girl?"

* * * * * *

James Foster and his wife went over to the wedding, which Frau Werner insisted should take place from her house; so Cecilia had the satisfaction of "assisting" at the "settlement" of her refractory sister.

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REFLECTION ON LIFE.—Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials, but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercise on the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has perhaps provided or proposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions in our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing.

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A WESTERN ROMANCE.—Miss Susie C. Loxier, of Ashland, California, was married lately in Newark, N. J., to Allen S. Loxier, of that town. The bride's father at one time resided in Newark, and went West during the gold fever. During the war he was with a Western regiment, and while attending the Grand Army encampment at Denver he returned to his home. After leaving for home letters arriving his daughter fell into the hands of Mr. Loxier, owing to the similarity in the name, but which were returned to the sender. The returned correspondence led to communications between the young lady and groom, all of which culminated in the wedding.

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A FABLE.—An ass climbed up to the roof of a building, and, frisking about there, broke in the tiling. The owner went up after him and quickly drove him down, beating him severely with a thick wooden cudgel. The ass said: "Why I saw the jackdaw do this very thing yesterday, and you all laughed, as if it afforded you very great amusement." Moral—Those who do not know their right place must be taught it.

# Sober Second Thought.

BY T. S. A.

"I MUST have it, George," said Mr. Whitman's handsome little wife. "So, don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile, that was any thing but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life," she replied. "There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About six pounds," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Six pounds! Why, Mary, do you think I am made of money?" And Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, George," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money this evening; that is, if——"

"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in Oxford Street yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever beheld. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?" And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation he had also forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say 'money' to George, and at once there is a cloud in the sky." She sat down, pouting and half-angry.

"Six pounds for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of the vain, pretty and thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle the coal merchant's bill to-day, but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is nearly out, and more must be ordered. O, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter, I did hope to get a little advance; but if silk dresses are to be the order of the day, there's an end to that devoutly-to-be-wished-for circumstance. Debt—debt! How I have always shrunk from it! but steadily, now, it is overpowering me. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood; but the bonds that hold me are weak! If Mary could see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position! Alas! that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman quickened his steps, because his heart beat quicker, and his mind was unduly excited.

Not long after Mr. Whitman had left home, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold hand, and said to herself as she did so, "I wonder who this can be from?"

Something more than curiosity moved her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. Several times of late such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and became suddenly silent and gloomy.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor George!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantel-piece, where her husband could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thoughts of Mrs. Whitman recurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained!" she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

She went to the mantel-piece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It did not enlighten her. Steadily she became more assured that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More contemplative, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation pains me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with almost startling vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something has gone wrong with him this year!" she said aloud, as the feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?" The letter was still in her hand. "This may enlighten me."

With careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill for fifteen pounds, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall take proceedings. It has been standing for nearly a year; and I am tired of getting excuses instead of money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in great astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come to her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter for her husband came in. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill! and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" she repeated.

It was a bill of four pounds for boots and slippers, which had been for three or four months.

"This will never do!" said the astonished wife—"never—no, never! She thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way; and from that hour until the return of her husband she did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking it from his vest pocket, and handing it her as he came in.

He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying, "Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to comply with my wishes."

Something in her voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes to her face with a look of inquiry. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he asked, with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes. It will be something splendid," she replied.

He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful countenance, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room, and commenced dressing to go out. Two hours later, and we find her in the jewelers's shop.

"May I speak a word to you?" she said, addressing the owner, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied; and they moved to the lower end of one of the long show cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the glass-case, said, at the same holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband, "I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you besides."

The jeweler paused a little to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch, he said, "wait a moment," and went to a desk.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much have I to pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, taking out her pocket-book.

"Nothing," he replied. "The watch is uninjured."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with a tremulous voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went with light steps and a light heart from the shop. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that she now felt in parting with it. From the jeweler's she went to the bootmaker's, and paid his bill; from thence to her milliner's and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband on his appearance that evening. "Come up stairs and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, George, as if you were afraid."

George Whitman went passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive a dreadful sentence than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my wife become lost to me," he said in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion, and extravagance?"

"Sit down, George," she said, leading him to a chair.

Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something in a hurried way from a drawer, and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is receipted, you see," and her voice fluttered a little.

"Mary! how is this?" he asked. "What does it mean?"

"I returned the watch," she replied, "and Mr. Rose receipted the bill. I would have paid for any damage; but it was uninjured, and would not take any thing."

"Oh, Mary!" said her husband.

"And this is receipted also; and this," she said, handing the other bills which she had paid. "And now, dear," she added, quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave to the reader's imagination the explanations and scene that followed. If, however, any fair lady, who, like Mrs. Whitman, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income, for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Mary's experiment; and, our word for it, she will find a new and glad experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant things, but they are too dearly bought when they come as the price of a husband's embarrassment, mental disquietude, or alienation. Too often the gay young wife wears them as the sign of these unhappy conditions. Tranquil hearts and sunny homes are precious things; too precious to be burdened and clouded by weak vanity and love of show. Keep this in mind, oh ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. Rich clothing, costly laces, and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts unshadowed by care. Take the lesson and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience, of the folly we have been endeavoring to expose and rebuke.

# Scientific and Useful.

TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.—Cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbed in. In forty-eight hours rub with finely powdered, unslaked lime until the rust disappears.

SUGAR IN SOAP.—A scientific journal states that a little sugar puts on the hands with soap will greatly increase its lather and cleansing power, and will remove dirt, chemical stains, etc.

COLD WATER.—Cold water is now used as an anæsthetic. It is injected hypodermically, and its action is said to be due to high pressure and low temperature, which, combined, drive the blood and lymph from the region operated on and cause temporary paralysis of the nerves.

TO PRESERVE STEEL PENS.—A simple mode of preventing ink from damaging metallic pens, is to throw either into the inkstand or the bottle in which the ink is kept, a few nails, broken bits of steel pens (not tarnished) or any other pieces of iron not rusted. The corrosive action of the acid contained in the ink is expended on the iron introduced.

MAGNETIC PULLEYS.—A Frenchman has brought out an ingenious system of magnetic pulleys. In the case of a chain pulley, the ordinary system, with recesses, wears the chain away rapidly, and, in time, the pitch of the chain and pulley do not correspond. The Frenchman uses a pulley with a deep recess containing a coil. This magnetises the pulley in such a way that the links of the chain complete the magnetic circuit. The pulley thus resembles a plain cylinder with a groove. Such a chain pulley as this runs smoothly and gives no trouble, even when worn. It can also be used for driving flat strips of steel, which might be used as loose belts.

# Farm and Garden.

TO KEEP SILKS FROM MICE.—Mix some pieces of camphor with them. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury.

SWINE.—No stock enjoy a sheltered place where they can bask in the sun more than swine. Pigs if given such a treat will be grateful enough to continue growing.

BURNING STUMPS.—Bore a two-inch hole eighteen inches deep into the stump and fill with a concentrated solution of saltpetre, and plug up to keep out water. Then fill the hole with kerosene, set on fire, and the whole stump, it is said, will be consumed, even to the roots.

MOLD IN CELLARS.—To get rid of mold in cellars, put some roll brimstone into a pan and set fire to it; close the doors, making the cellar as nearly air-tight as possible, when the fungi will be destroyed and the mold dried up. Repeat this simple and inexpensive operation every two or three months for two or three hours at a time.

SHEEP.—When a farmer procures a flock of sheep and turns them out to pick their living from weeds and stubble he will not find much profit in sheep raising. The time is going by for sheep to produce something from nothing. Good breeds, abundant pasturage, care in winter and warm shelter for the lambs will revolutionize old methods, as larger returns will result from the attention bestowed.

THE HORSE.—A veteran horseman, whose observations of driving about the city cover nearly half a century, has undertaken to relieve the distress which the sight of a bit-pulling horse causes him by an invention that he means to share with his suffering drivers free of royalty charges. So far as he knows, all devices intended to prevent a wilful horse from taking the bit in its teeth are means of torture, cutting the horse's mouth or otherwise causing pain. This is needless, he think, as well as cruel, and no one who enjoys driving and loves horses can approve of any such punishment. His device is quite as effective, he thinks, and not at all painful. By its use, when a horse begins its capers, the device is so connected with the bit that it pulls at the horse's tail, which receives the strain now imposed on the driver. As the pulling becomes harder, the horse simply tugs at the roots of its own tail. The inventor has tried the apparatus, and says he has never driven a horse that was not at once broken of the pulling habit by it.

IT IS WELL to get clear of a Cold the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

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**A WORD TO OUR READERS.**

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

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THE devil has done a big day's work when he has convinced a soul that a little sin is not deadly.

**Eating and Living.**

"There are only two bad things in this world," said Hannah Moore, "sin and bile!" but these evils are the occasion of all others; nay, according to the theory of certain savans, the first was the result of the second. That is to say, a man very much depends upon what you feed him with. It is the dinner that makes a man good or bad.

Some philosophers despise the stomach, but we cannot get on without it; our limbs may fall off one by one, our taste decay, our senses leave us, our mind be wrecked; but King Stomach lives, and will live, supreme!

Nowadays we have mostly healthy appetites. Business may trouble us, politics worry us, and money-matters drive us mad; but we all eat, and eat heartily. If we run out of town, we must finish by eating. Do we welcome a hero, we give him a dinner; do we commence a charity, a feast inaugurates.

Whatever we eat or drink, little or much, should be carefully prepared. "God sends meats," says the proverb, "but the devil sends cooks;" and the old saw has great force. "Cooking," says Ude, "is highly conducive to the preservation of health; the stomach should be protected from a monotony of plain food. Diet should be varied, and the cooking of each joint should be scientifically attended to. A well-cooked piece of meat will be full of its own juice or gravy. It will contain albumen, its most nourishing essence."

The theory of the kitchen is by no means contemptible; there is reason, and a good deal of reason too, in the roasting of eggs. A good cook is invaluable; to a poor man a good wife who is a good cook is a fortune; and Miss Burdett Coutts, who has established schools in England wherein children of the lower classes can learn the art of cookery, and the method of becoming good and clever wives to poor men, has conferred an inestimable benefit upon the working classes. Whilst deprecating luxury of all kinds, there can be no reason why we should spoil the kindly fruits of the earth by ignorant cookery, and a well-ordered and cooked mutton chop is often the best sort of physic which can be placed before a poor man.

It is the knowledge and attention to little things—and cookery may appear a very little thing to a philosopher—which especially distinguishes one family from the other, the thriftless from the careful family.

It is a trite remark enough that one man will live like a prince upon ten dollars a week, and another like a beggar on twenty. Management is all, and that kind of management which will make the poor man's home happy, and with all its disadvantages enable it to contrast favorably with the public house, is not arrived at without much study.

The number of meals in which the well-fed classes indulge is too large. One at least could be dispensed with, and that one should be luncheon.

An adult in full health, writes an authority, requires two meals daily, and often, without prejudice, partakes of two more. Women who are more delicately organized, eat sparingly, and require three meals in the day. Modern civilization seems to require that people should not be too long without eating. Herbert Mayo gives nine hours. A person, says he, who breakfasts at nine, should not dine later than six. But other eminent physicians have recommended their patients to eat little and often, so as not to put the stomach to too great a task in providing gastric juice for digestion.

Hot suppers are most unwholesome, because the meat is not digested before sleep; dreams and nocturnal disturbances are the consequence. During eating strong mental excitement should be avoided. Do what you are about, and do it well. Think of eating and masticating: throw your mind into the matter. Nothing can be worse than for the town man to stick a newspaper or an exciting novel against a cruet-frame, and read as he eats. This way of partaking of toast and sentiment, and swallowing hot tea and strong politics, is decidedly injurious.

Lastly, temperance and soberness cannot be more strongly inculcated by the Divine than they are by the Doctor. There is not one eminent man who has written for years who has not traced more than half the diseases of humanity to the gorging propensities of man. At a good school a little fellow who devours his tarts in secret, or who makes too much of his school treats, gets marked down as a glutton, and is treated accordingly.

One excess is as bad as another; every meal which is superfluous is sin; it is a sin against that bountiful Providence which supplies enough for all, but too much for none. That man who eats enough for two, robs one; and punishment most surely follows. If we wish to see how odious gluttony and excess are to a highly intellectual mind, we have only to read that passage in Dante's great work, wherein gluttons are punished; and moreover to remember the feast of Dives and the starvation of Lazarus; and then we shall eat to live, and not live to eat.

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THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

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THE difficulties and trials we encounter in life, and the weaknesses found in our character, wage against us a form of warfare. These are enemies that must be braved and vanquished upon their own ground. The advantage is all our own in seeking the conflict; it is theirs if we decline it.

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To be longing for this to-day and for that thing to-morrow; to change likings for loathings, and to stand wishing and hankering at a venture—how is it possible for any man to be at rest in this fluctuant, wandering humor and opinion?

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YOU will find, if you think for a moment, that the people who influence you are people who believe in you. In an atmosphere of suspicion men shrivel up; but in that atmosphere they expand, and find encouragement, and educative fellowship.

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WE are led to the belief of a future state, not only by the weakness, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it—by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.

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CAST forth thy act, thy word into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot die. Unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove—perhaps, alas! as a hemlock forest—after a thousand years.

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A SPANISH proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night may be too much." Remember this, and save indigestion and sleepless nights.

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WE should choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and we should have them always with us—preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

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WE make winter the symbol of old age and death; as if old age were never kindly; as if there were anything discreditable in death, or nobody had ever longed for it.

**CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.**

B. D.—London is the largest city on the globe.

C. C. H.—The largest verse in the Bible is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther.

R. N.—A ready way of imitating ground glass is to dissolve Epsom salts in beer, and apply with a brush. It crystallizes when drying.

W. T.—Outre-Mer is French, and means "beyond the sea." It is pronounced Ou tre-Mair, the ai in the last syllable sounding like a in fate.

G. G. H.—No. It is always a mistake for a girl to marry a man whom she does not love; and it is equally a mistake for a man to marry a woman whom he does not love.

D. R.—If you desire to cultivate moral courage in your child, then say and do whatever you conscientiously believe to be right and true, without being influenced by the opinions of others, showing him that you fear nothing but failing to fulfil your duty.

ALADIN.—The "Laughing Plant," is so-called because, when eaten, its effects are like to those of laughing gas—exciting and exhilarating, causing the eater to laugh, sing and dance wildly. About an hour's deep sleep follows, after which the person has no remembrance of his ridiculous behavior.

SAXON FRED.—The origin of the elevation of the leek to the dignity of a national emblem is very obscure; the most probable explanation is that it is worn in commemoration of a victory obtained by the Welsh on St. David's Day. St. David was a Welsh Archbishop who flourish in the fifth and sixth centuries.

LAL.—The griffon is a species of vulture found in the mountainous parts of Europe, North Africa, and Turkey. In heathen mythology the griffon is an animal with the body of a lion and head and wings of an eagle. Of course no such creature ever existed any more than the famous minotaur, centaur, or the winged dragon.

E. W.—Perpetual motion, in mechanics, is a machine which, when set in motion, would continue to move without aid of external force and without the loss of momentum, until its parts became deranged or worn out. The impossibility of constructing such a machine has long been demonstrated. We know of no standing reward for its discovery.

DORA.—Dressmaking is the most generally useful and remunerative trade that a girl can learn. It requires a good deal of talent and powers of application to make a good dressmaker. It is a much better trade than telegraphy, and requires more mind and industry. The stage is the poorest resource that a woman can try. Ninety-nine aspirants out of every hundred fail and lose everything in the attempt.

F. F.—The word you wish to know about, under various forms and commonly written pasch, is a contraction of pascha, or passover of the Jews. It is alleged that the name Easter come from Eostora, the German name of Astarte, to whom—under various name—the Orientals early offered worship, and in Egypt eggs were presented to this goddess. The tradition has come down to us through Germans or Anglo-Saxons, who got it from the East.

M. M.—The nation has a life of its own as distinctly defined as the life of the individual. The signs of its growth and the periods of its development make the issues declare themselves; and the man or the political party that does not discover them has not learned the character of the nation's life. We cannot enter into political matters, or discuss the points you raise, but we may say once for all that a man, in our opinion, should hold his country first and his party afterwards.

D. M.—Only two existing species of elephants are certainly known—the Indian and the African—although differences have recently been observed in the elephants of Sumatra, which may perhaps entitle them to be ranked as a distinct species. The Indian elephant is distinguished by a comparatively high oblong head, with a concave forehead; while the African species has a round head, and convex forehead. The ears of the latter are much larger than those of the former, covering the whole shoulder and descending on the legs.

K. C.—We do not know of any strictly automatic railroad gate which requires no attention of any kind. In fact, the automata, of many kinds, have been commonly useless for the purpose of life, and only stand out as triumphs of human ingenuity and patience. This holds true of all, from the walking statues of Daedalus down to the speaking automaton of Faberman, of Vienna. We can conceive of the pressure of the wheels on the rails being utilized for such a purpose as you indicate; but we have no information. Go to work, and secure your patent.

JUVENTA.—Academy was originally the name of a pleasure-ground near Athens, and is said to have derived its name from Academus, a local hero, at the time of the Trojan war. Its shady walks became the favorite resort of Plato, and it was here that he lectured to his pupils and friends. From this circumstance, the school of philosophers, which he founded, was called the "Academic School," or merely the Academy. During the middle ages the term was seldom applied to institutions of learning; but in the fifteenth century, after the revival of classical studies, it again became frequent.

## DUST.

BY PENNA.

"Worthless as dust!"—a standard false,
By which we oft compare
Things which, as trifles, we neglect,
Their value unaware.

Nothing so mean but has a place
In the Creator's plan,
And service yields, though so minute
No mortal eye may scan.

Full of decay, on breezes borne,
The dust beneath our feet
Warns us that we, as kindred earth,
The common lot must meet.

Yet, like the dust, with life replete,
Undying germs it holds,
Which, when mortality is past,
Eternity unfolds!

# Buncoed.

BY C. J.

IT is the opera in New York. The ballet is in full swing. In one of the stage boxes are Mr. Brandon, a well-to-do Yorkshire Squire; his only daughter, Constance; and Mr. Morton, a local financier.

"Things of beauty," in clouds of gauze, float silently hither and thither in a blaze of light across the stage. The local "dude" in the stalls, as he listens to the lively strains of the viol and the flute, and levels his glasses on the lovely forms of the premiere and the super, feels that nothing more is wanted to produce in him a state of perfect sensuous bliss.

Yet the Squire sleeps soundly all the while; Miss Constance is decidedly drowsy and a little bored; the financier alone is wide awake, though his eyes are not on the stage.

Presently, the first act closes. Mr. Brandon still sleeps on; Mr. Morton disappears. Miss Brandon thereupon heaves a gentle sigh of relief.

Suddenly, she starts, leans forward, and fixes her glasses upon a man who for some time past has been steadfastly regarding the box. When she removes them, her eyes sparkle and her face glows. She is not bored nor drowsy now.

Finally, the curtain falls. Mr. Morton goes for the carriage. Mr. Brandon wakes up, and leaves also, followed by Miss Constance. At the door, she suddenly halts, quickly turns, advances to the front of the box, takes a bunch of carnations from her breast, throws it far into the middle of the orchestra, and then rejoins her father—all in a moment. It falls at the feet of the first fiddle, who bows low, and instantly picks it up.

* * * * * *

Put back, now, the dial on the clock two years; change the scene from New York to Yorkshire; look out from the study window of Staunton Castle over a fair demesne, glowing in the glory of an August sun.

Turn again, then, and give ear to the last words of Sir Clement Staunton and his only nephew, Captain Clement Staunton of the —th Lancers. Yet first take stock of the two men.

The elder: his once powerful limbs enveloped in a long robe, is lying back in a deep chair, idly quiescent. Beneath a black skullcap gleam deep set gray eyes, restless and suspicious, telling of the existence of a volcano behind them still far from extinct.

The other, standing in riding costume, with a hunting-crop in his hand, is a fair replica of the old man as to physique, a certain bold, defiant look being also common to both. But the suggestion of an evil heart, impressed on the countenance of the Baronet, is not to be seen on the bright sunny face of the debonair Captain.

Sir Clement: "I hear Clement, that you are again deeply in debt. Is that true?"

Captain Staunton: "Quite true, sir. I do owe a few hundreds."

Sir C.: "And pray, Captain Staunton, how do you propose to liquidate these debts, and when?"

Captain S.: "With your kind assistance, sir, at your earliest convenience."

Sir C.: "This is the third time within three years that you have become involved. Your extravagance is shameful."

Captain S.: "On the contrary, I consider myself deserving of great credit for the moderation of my expenditure."

Sir C.: "Are you aware, sir, that you are a black-guard for incurring debts you cannot yourself discharge?"

Captain S.: "Before I reply to such an impudent question, favor me, sir, if you please, with your attention for a few moments. At my father's death I became, as you know, heir-presumptive to the Baronetcy, though not to the estates. I was then eleven. You were my guardian. Two courses were open to you. You might have given me a middle-class education in a commercial atmosphere, where there would have been perhaps opportunities afforded me of making money; in which case I should not, of course, have regarded myself as heir to your estates. Or you might, on the other hand, have brought me up at a fashionable school along with those born with silver spoons in their mouths, under which conditions I should have been justified in considering myself your heir. You were pleased to choose the latter course; and accordingly I did consider myself as heir presumptive to the family estates, which are said, by the way, to be worth some fifteen thousand a year. Now comes the point. Did you, sir, under these circumstances allow me a sufficient income to keep up the credit of the family? I say emphatically that you did not—that, on the contrary, you gave me—the prospective representative of the family, chosen as such by you—the wages, in the shape of an allowance, of your butler; and when I failed, as of course I did, to sustain creditably my status in society on that dole, you now ask me if I am aware that I am a black-guard. In return for one question, let me put to you another. What shall I say of a man who deliberately and of set purpose places his chosen heir in such a position that he cannot avoid coming to grief, and then, when he does so, instead of throwing him a life-buoy, applies to him opprobrious epithets?"

Sir C.: "I shall not condescend to reply to your insolence further than to recommend you to consider at your leisure this, my ultimatum. If you think proper to throw up your commission and leave the country, your debts will be paid once more, and an allowance of fifty pounds per annum made you. Should you determine otherwise, you will receive no further assistance from me, now and ever. Good-morning."

* * * * * *

Back again to New York.

"Well, my dear," said the Squire to his daughter the day after the opera, "you know Mr. Morton is expecting his answer to-day; what am I to say to him?"

"Father, dear, you must tell him No—that it cannot be."

"But are you wise? He is a good fellow."

"Yes, I know, father. But I prefer to remain Constance Brandon rather than to be the wife of Mr. Morton. Don't be angry with me. Read this letter, and you will understand why it is now impossible."

The Squire took the letter. Thus it ran:

DEAR CONSTANCE—I noticed your name this morning in some paper among the lists of those staying at the Clarendon, and was therefore not very much surprised to see you last night. When we parted two years ago, I expected never to have seen your dear face again. Perhaps it would be wiser, under the circumstances, still to keep away from you. If you think so, you will not be at home to me at two o'clock to-morrow, when I shall call at the Clarendon. Yours ever—JOHN CLEMENT, First Fiddle, alias CLEMENT STAUNTON.

"Well, and what do you purpose to do, my dear?" said the Squire. "Clement Staunton a first fiddle! Dear me."

"Do, Father? How can you ask? Dear Clement!"

At two o'clock on the following day Miss Constance sat in the salon of the Clarendon, waiting confidently the arrival of the Captain. At 3 o'clock she still waited hopefully—at 4 o'clock anxiously; and 5 o'clock she gave him up for the day.

"Of course he will write or come to-morrow," she said to herself encouragingly.

But he came not the next day, or the next to that. Nor did any letter of explanation arrive.

By the end of the third day the patience of the lady became exhausted, and the Squire was ordered at once to make inquiries at the opera.

He did so; but received only the unsatisfactory intelligence that the first fiddle had been absent from the orchestra for two days, and, moreover, that he had not been at his home during that period.

It was the opinion of the authorities that he had been kidnapped, or otherwise made away with.

The proper course for him now was to proceed to the police, report the disappearance, and ask for advice and assistance.

On announcing his business to the inspector, that functionary quietly observed. "I guess your friend had got among the Buncoes."

"Excuse me, sir. Got among the Buncoes? Pray, what are the Buncoes?"

"As a Britisher," he replied, "you may well be ignorant of the name given here to a number of scoundrels who infest this city—a gang whose business it is to entrap or decoy into their toils those whom they consider worth being robbed or held to ransom; their prey usually being foreigners. Yes, sir," he continued, "we call them Buncoes here, though they are classified in Sicily and Asia Minor as brigands."

"Do I understand you to mean," said the Squire, "that people actually disappear altogether in New York?"

"When they fall into the hands of the Buncoes, they sometimes do; at others, they are merely robbed or held to ransom for a time and then released again. There are cases when, through fear of the police, they are at once set free."

"This is indeed serious," said the Squire. "But what is to be done? This gentleman is a relation of my family. It will be terrible if your suspicions are correct, and he is in the hands of these miscreants."

"There is nothing to be done, sir, but to leave the case in our hands. It will be necessary in the first instance to offer a handsome reward. Should Mr. Clements have got—as is most likely the case—among these rascals, they will soon find means of letting us know the fact and their terms. Favor me now, sir if you please, with your address. Should any news come to us, you will be duly advised. Good-morning."

"Constance, my dear, I am the bearer of bad news. Clement Staunton has mysteriously disappeared. They know nothing of his whereabouts either at the opera or his home. On the way home I saw the inspector of police, told him all the particulars of the case, and asked his advice. He recommended me to offer a reward, and leave the case in his hands. I have done so."

Constance Brandon and Clement Staunton were very old friends. As children they had been neighbors. Later on, they came to be something more. Then came the day of wrath, when, in an evil hour, his prospects were blighted; and he went to join the grand army of those who, through crime, misfortune, or folly, have gone under.

In writing to bid her farewell, he told her the story of his folly, and that he was on his way to America with a changed name. So was she left lamenting, but free.

"Father," said Miss Brandon as soon as she had grasped the situation, "we can do nothing, as the inspector says, but wait for the result of the offered reward. The suspense, though, will be terrible."

And they did wait, hour after hour, and day after day, for more than a fortnight. But no tidings came of the lost one. Nevertheless, the police had not been idle. They felt satisfied that Clements had got among the Buncoes, but could hear nothing whatever of him.

Though, however, their investigations failed to obtain any intelligence of the particular man they wanted, yet, strange to say, they led to the discovery of the captivity among them of another Englishman whom their spies reported to be a nobleman of large possessions.

The inspector, in reporting to the Squire his ill success with regard to Clements, incidentally mentioned in his letter this curious discovery. Perhaps, he added, the Squire might know something of this individual. Would he oblige by calling at the station?

"I'll look round to-morrow," said the Squire. "The man may have no friends here, and we may be able to assist him."

"Yes, do, father. It is even possible we may know him. Poor fellow!"

The next day at breakfast the Squire, who was reading a paper, suddenly exclaimed:

"Listen, Constance. 'At Staunton Castle, on the 30th ult., aged eighty, Sir Clement Staunton, Bart.' This is news indeed; and observe, it is dated more than a fortnight ago. I suppose the lawyers have continued advertising the death after the usual time, in order to apprise Clement, of whose whereabouts they are probably ignorant, of his succession."

"Go down at once, dear, and see the inspector," broke in Miss Constance. "He must be found. Double the reward, if necessary—treble it!"

"We have still no news of the missing man," said the inspector, when the Squire appeared—"none whatever. But perhaps you can tell me about of one your countrymen, whom we believe they've got hidden away somewhere—a Baronet, Sir Clement Staunton."

"Of course I can. Why, he is this same man. Less than three weeks ago he succeeded to the Baronetcy of his uncle. He was then living here under the assumed name of John Clements. But how did they know that he was now Sir Clement Staunton? That beats me. Does it not surprise you?"

"I do not wonder, sir, at your being surprised," replied the inspector; "but I am not, for I happen to have made a special study of these Buncoes, and can tell you all about their ways and means. In the first place, they make it their chief business to find out, through servants and others, who strangers from abroad living at hotels and elsewhere really are. In the second place, should their investigations result in the creation of a suspicion that a certain person might be worth running-in, he is persistently 'shadowed.' In the third place—— But what you want to know is how it came about that they identified this John Clements with Sir Clement Staunton. I guess, sir, they arrived at that conclusion pretty much in this way. I take it for granted that John Clements has all the ways and manners of an Englishman of good position. At the same time, I understand he is employed at the opera as first fiddle. Now, it is not usual for Englishmen of his class to gain their living as musicians in a New York orchestra. Therefore, those about him place him as a man who has seen better days in England,—a refugee, social or otherwise, who, under a false name, is lying low for a time out of the way. Again, it is nearly certain that by some accident or other it was ascertained by those whose minds were exercised about him that your missing friend was not only not John Clements, but that he was Clement Staunton, late —th Lancers. You will naturally ask of what value to them would be, if entrapped, the body of a broken-down British Captain? I reply, none whatever, so long as the Captain was only Clement Staunton; but when he suddenly becomes, as they suspect, Sir Clement Staunton of Staunton Castle, Baronet, his value in their market shoots upward like a sky-rocket. You tell me that it was only yesterday you knew of the death of Sir Clement, though it happened more than a fortnight ago. But what was there to prevent the Buncoes learning the fact as soon as it was announced? Now, knowing them as I do, there seems to me to be no doubt that they had had their eye on John Clements as a possible victim from the very first; and that, when they discovered him to be Captain Staunton, they forthwith shadowed him: that they then noticed the death of Sir Clement when first announced, and immediately perceived, on the strength of the identity of names, the extreme probability of the Captain being the relation—perhaps the heir, or one of the heirs, of the deceased Baronet. If they did not run him in on this chance, they would not be the Buncoes I know. No, sir, you bet!"

"Very well, then," said the Squire. "The only question now remaining is the amount of the ransom. The present reward does not seem to be sufficient; it must therefore be doubled, or trebled."

"I will see to that at once," said the inspector.

The offer of an increased reward had happily the desired effect. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, Clement, to the great delight of the Squire and his daughter, appeared at the Clarendon. After endless congratulations and requests to relate his experience, he thus began:

* * * * * *

On my way here one day, just as I entered Broadway, a man sidled up to me and attempted to draw me into conversation. He was not a bad-looking fellow; but as he was an utter stranger, I cold-shouldered him. Nevertheless, he continued talking; and at last, as I did not reply, said: "I see you're offended, sir, at my presumption in addressing you."

"Not at all," I replied.

"Well, to prove that's so," he went on, "come round to my place and have a cocktail. If you're fond of books, I can show you some curious ones. I have a lovely illustrated edition of Longfellow, our national poet, you know. Perhaps you would do me the honor of accepting it?"

Not being at the moment in want of either a cocktail or a book, I declined his offers, and he presently departed. Continuing my stroll, I was soon again accosted by another man. "Ah, Captain," he said, "how are you? You don't remember me?"

"Indeed, I do not," I replied.

"Surely you haven't forgotten that day

at Sandown when I laid you six to four in fivers on the field, and lost it? I was a a bookey then."

Now, I happened to be myself betting a good deal one time there; it was therefore possible I might have had some dealing of the sort with this man. Still, I did not recollect him at all, and said so. Nevertheless, to be civil, I inquired what he was about.

"I am in the curio line now over here," he answered, "got a ripping store down town full of pretty things. Will you come and see them, sir?"

"Not now," I answered.

"Come, then, to my house and see some lovely bits which I haven't the heart to part with. There is a Stradivarius worth ten times its weight in gold. I won't keep you five minutes."

I don't think any other fly in the world but a Stradivarius would have risen me, but I did rise to this one. A quarter of an later, we were standing opposite a door in a quite street. He opened the door with a latchkey; we passed in, and mounted to the first floor. Opposite the staircase was the opening to a large room.

"In here, sir," said my friend as he passed the threshold. I followed unsuspiciously. A man was standing looking out of the window. As I reached the centre of the room, he turned. In him I recognized at once the fellow who had offered me the cocktail. I turned round quickly. My guide was standing quietly with his back to the door, the key thereof in one hand, a revolver in the other.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked him angrily.

"It means, Sir Clement, that you are Bunooed. You were hard to get, though. Wasn't he, Charlie?" turning to the other blackguard; "But Bunooed you are and no mistake."

"Bunooed! What's that?"

"That means that you are the guest of the Bunooes for the present."

"Who are the Bunooes?"

"Never you mind now who they are. But you need not be alarmed: so long as you're quiet, you will be well treated, only no bounce. Let me now offer you some refreshment?—No. Well, perhaps you may fancy something later."

Furious, but powerless, I exclaimed: "You called me just now Sir Clement. That is not my name. It is John Clements."

"It is quite true," he replied "that your name the other day was John Clements—to be accurate—your assumed name; but it is now Sir Clement Staunton, Baronet. If you doubt me, look at the deaths in the Times there."

I took up the paper; and, sure enough, there appeared the announcement of my uncle's death.

"Now, look at the top of the second column, and I think you will find an advertisement there to this effect: 'It is requested that the nephew and heir of Sir Clement Staunton, of Staunton Castle, Yorkshire, who is believed to be living in New York under an assumed name, will communicate at once with some Messrs Jones & Co. of London.' Probably you did not see either the announcement or the advertisement' (which was there, as he said); "but we noticed both; and putting them together, could come to no other conclusion than that John Clements, alias Clement Staunton, is identical with Sir Clement Staunton. Come, Sir Clement; there is no use whatever your denying this. The easiest way for you to get out of your difficulties is to accept the situation and play fair with us, cards on the table. Remember that you are a rich man now, and that we run tremendous risks. What, then, will you give to be free? How much will you plank down? Shall we say five thousand?—pounds, not dollars."

I laughed aloud at the absurd idea of my finding such an amount. "I am quite willing to admit," I answered, "that I have succeeded to my uncle's title, but have every reason to believe that I shall not benefit by his will; for, although I am his next of kin, I am certainly, as you will find, disinherited."

"Well, sir, the truth of the matter on that point can easily be ascertained by reference to our friends in England. Meantime, we shall have to detain you till we receive their answers to our inquiries. You will find here everything necessary, as far as is possible under the circumstances, to your comfort. But, remember, the key of the door is always in one of my hands, and this article here"—he lifted the revolver—"in the other.

At the same time a door opened, and another fellow appeared. With a polite bow, he said: "Would you like to see your bedroom, sir?"

I will spare you any description of the weary days of my imprisonment, and only tell of what passed this morning. It would seem, then, from the conversation of my jailer, that soon after I was missed, some good Samaritan offered a reward for me; but that they had determined to await the report of their correspondents in England on the will before considering the question of its acceptance. This report came yesterday, and was to the effect that I was actually disinherited in favor of some distant relative. There being now no doubt of the fact, and considering the amount of the rewards, which appears to have been doubled within the last three days, they determined last night to release me as soon as the money was secured. It came to hand this morning, and here I am. Voila tout!

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Let six months now pass away; change the scene once more from New York to Yorkshire. Look out again from the study window of Staunton Castle and watch the wandering sunshine stealing silently from the stream to the hill, from the forest to the flowers on the lawn. Turn again, and note the occupants of the room. You have seen them both before—one as Constance Brandon, boldly casting a bunch of carnations far into an orchestra, the other as John Clements, fiddling to a ballet; or, as Clements Staunton, uttering words of high disdain to a venerable relative. But how came they there? you naturally ask; for, in fact, the disinherited looks as if the place belonged to him, and Constance seems equally at home. "Yes; how came they there? That is what I want to know, too," repeats a hollow sepulchral voice. In an instant I recognize the imperious tones of the late Baronet, and perceive the dim outline of his imposing figure. "Look at that blackguard!" it began, as with uplifted finger he pointed to the living, Baronet. "I cast him out, it was but yesterday, for ever from Staunton Castle; and lo, here he is back again, seated in my own chair! What, sir," he asked, "is the meaning of his presence here?"

I expected Sir Clement to have risen at the question, delivered as it was in a loud imperious tone. But he never moved. Probably, he failed to catch the sound of the voice. It is not perhaps given to every one to hear the words of the spirits of the departed.

"His presence here, sir," I reply, "would seem to be accounted for by the fact that he owns the castle—or, to be accurate, the lady over there with the pug in her lap, Constance Staunton, nee Constance Brandon, inherited it from you, and he owns her."

The Ghost—"And that is Constance Brandon my next of kin after that scoundrel there—my heiress, sole possessor of all my wealth! It is well for her I suspected not that it would have come to this. Confound her! But tell me, sir, how it came to pass that in marrying this man she made the only marriage that could have defeated my plans?"

"It happened," I reply, "in this wise. Miss Brandon and her father were traveling in the States. In New York she met a certain prominent citizen, Mr. Morton, who loved her; and she might have been "the happiest in the land: but it appears that 'she fancied a cove who played the fiddle In the midst of a German' "——

Here I suddenly stop, for the ghost, who had been listening attentively with his hand to his ear, suddenly vanished—and I rubbed my eyes.

Had I been dreaming? Perhaps. And yet this story is not altogether a romance.

## INCORRECT LANGUAGE.

To expose the mistakes of contented ignorance is hopeless. There is no cure for these but a general improvement in education. There are, however, errors which well-instructed persons sometimes fall into, from mere habit or thoughtlessness.

Such errors, "like the fears of the brave and the follies of the wise," have only to be brought home to the consciousness of those who commit them to be discarded at once.

A very common mistake, even with good writers and speakers, is the substitution of had for would, before the adverbs rather, sooner, better, lief, and some others. "I had rather stay than go," instead of "I would rather." "I had as lief take one as the other," instead of "I would lief." The origin of the error is evident enough.

The two words had and would have the same contracted form when combined with a pronoun. "I'd rather" may be a contraction of either "I would rather" or "I had rather."

This contracted form is that which we almost always use in common speech. Even when we are inclined to lengthen it, we rarely give the full pronunciation. We say "I'd rather," leaving the verb doubtful to the listener's ear, and perhaps to ourselves.

When driven to write it, we feel naturally inclined to take the shortest word, without much regard to the strict grammatical meaning of the phrase.

That the expressions "I had rather" and "I had as lief" are incorrect, will be made evident by simply converting rather into its synonym more willingly, and lief into the corresponding gladly.

Yet it must be admitted that these incorrect forms are warranted by such high authorities, from Shakespeare to some of the best writers of our own day, that they are entitled to be regarded, if not as established idioms, at least as tolerated solecisms.

The confusion of lay with lie, and of set with sit, is among the most common errors of speech, though well-educated persons are usually able to avoid it in writing.

Every one who is familiar with the idiom of our language knows, or ought to know, that lay and set are what are called transitive verbs, and that lie and sit are intransitive. In other words, the two former can take a noun after them in the objective case, and the two latter cannot.

We say, "Lay the book down;" "Set the post up." To say, "Lie the book," or "Sit the post," would be ridiculous.

The error usually committed is in the opposition direction—the transitive verbs being used in an intransitive sense. Many persons, not deficient in education would say, "Some of the children are lying on the grass, and the others are setting in the parlor."

That the error prevails in the very highest circles of society and of scholarship cannot be doubted when we find it allowed to mar the effect of one of the finest verses in Byron's well-known apostrophe to the ocean.

Next let us note the persistency with which many well-educated, as well as most uneducated persons, use the objective pronouns me, her, him, them, after the various tenses of the substantive verb to be, in spite of the injunctions of grammarians.

The habit of saying, "It is me," "It is him," instead of "It is I," "It is he," is so universal and so fixed that some modern writers on English philology have been disposed to regard it as allowable.

Possibly to the same cause we may ascribe the general disuse, in ordinary speech, of whom as the objective case of who. Instead of "the man whom I met," almost every one would say, "the man that I met;" or, more briefly, "the man I met."

Both of these modes of expression are in accordance with grammatical rules. Not so is the equally common form of interrogation, "Who did you meet?" "Who were you speaking to?" Here whom would be correct, and yet would seem so stiff, that many who know the right would yet pursue the wrong way deliberately.

A little alteration of the phrase, in such a case, will often make it more satisfactory in every way; as, for example, "Who was the person you were speaking to?"

The word anticipate is frequently misused in the sense of expect. Thus: "I anticipate seeing her this evening." Now, "anticipate" means, by derivation, to take beforehand, and its proper meaning in English is to take first possession of, or to take before the proper time.

A man may anticipate another in doing something which both intend doing; that is, he may succeed in doing it first. But his looking forward to doing either of these acts is not anticipation; it is expectation.

"Particle" is strangely used to mean "at all," or "degree," as we very colloquially use "bit." Thus "Did I hurt you?" asks a gentleman who has accidentally stumbled against another. "Not a particle," is the answer. He means not at all.

Particle literally means the smallest possible division of matter; and it is so material and mechanical in its signification, that the use of it to express degree, and especially degree of pleasure or pain, is, to say the very least, in the worst possible taste.

Remember and recollect are not synonymous terms, since we all remember many things which we cannot readily recollect, or re-collect.

Therefore the expression, "I don't remember, but I will try to recollect," is not only correct, but it sets forth a condition of the mind expressible in no other way, and to speak of which we have frequent necessity. The pronoun "their" is commonly misused with reference to a singular noun.

"If a person is poor, they should make the best of it," writes a would-be moralist. This is an extreme instance of the straits to which we are driven by the lack in English of a pronoun of common gender meaning both he and she, his and her.

But, admitting this lack, the fact remains that his is the representative pronoun, as mankind includes both men and women. To use "his or her" in cases of this kind is to the last degree pedantic.

Many people use the word ascetic as if it meant elegant, refined. Describing the library of a gentleman of fashion, it is said that "It was just such a collection as his ascetic tastes would select."

Now ascetic really means austere, rigid. A hermit's habits of life are ascetic. The writer of the sentence just quoted should have substituted the word luxurious, or cultivated.

Children closely follow the example of their elders, particularly if said example chances to be a bad one. It would be better for our youth if its teachers corrected the slang and mistakes of everyday life, and illustrated the rules they teach; for one child in a class speaking impure language will certainly infect the rest.

The children of some households speak with a refined method, as if by instinct, but it will generally be traced to parents, for we are all influenced by our surroundings.

A child lately questioned in Sunday School admitted, "I done it," and a young man immediately after remarked, "They have went," instead of "They have gone." By such teaching children are unconsciously influenced.

Well-bred persons usually speak slowly, with proper emphasis and without abbreviations. Every man cannot possess a rich, full voice; it is a heritage of some families, and refreshing to listen to among the shrill, thin voices one meets so often. But cultivation does a great deal, and nothing is more useful than to think of each word and speak the simplest language with taste, at the same time without drawl or affectation.

The abandonment of superfluous adjectives would greatly improve our language. I was talking of a poem to a young girl lately, and she said it was "elegant," and when I described a new kind of taffy she said it was "perfectly lovely."

There was neither sense nor reason in this mixture of terms. Another young girl is very pretty until she opens her mouth. Then her first words are likely to be, "Land sakes!" or "Clara an' me are goin'," clipping words and misplacing them till one is reminded of poor Hannah Jane, who spelled kiss with one's.

## The Smuggler.

BY T. F. H.

IT was the third year of my connection with the coast-guard, that I was ordered, with the small force under my command, to the coast of France. My mission was to attempt the capture of one Harley St. Ange, a man who had latterly obtained great renown among the people of the neighborhood by his bold and successful efforts in the contraband trade.

The vicinity of the little fishing village of Bonsecours, where I had now quartered myself, was said to be the theatre of his illegal operations, and the place appeared to me to be well suited to the business.

The Channel at this place is much wider than twice the distance from Dover to Calais, and the shore in the vicinity of Bonsecours is bold and craggy, indented here and there by inlets and caves, known only to the contrabandists, and stretches back, for an extent of several miles, in a dreary, uninhabited waste.

The natural facilities of the locality were the best that could be desired by the smugglers for their illegal traffic. Without a prosperous wind, and a dark night, it was a comparatively easy matter to avoid the Argus-eyed revenue cutters which crowded the Channel, and reach the opposite coast; and, I was informed, it was no uncommon occurrence for one of these smuggling vessels to land a cargo of brandy upon the English coast, and return to Bonsecours with an equivalent in the shape of a consignment of manufactured goods, in less than twenty-four hours.

So systematic had this pursuit become, and so alarming were its effects upon the legitimate trade of the country, that some

relief was loudly demanded from the Government; and accordingly I was sent to the vicinity of St. Ange's operations, with instructions to leave no means untried to bring the delinquents to justice. The zeal of my first efforts, as I have reason to believe, alarmed the smugglers, and caused them for a long time either to suspend their peculiar business, or to conduct it with increased secrecy; for during the first week of my residence upon the coast, my efforts to obtain some clue to the hiding-place of the free-traders were entirely unsuccessful.

One evening, however, I was visited at my hut by a man somewhat advanced in years, whom, although he addressed me in French, I immediately knew to be an Englishman.

"You are Mr. Lamoriar?" he said. I bowed affirmatively, and he continued, "I have sought you, in order that I might impart to you some intelligence which may be important. You are searching, I believe, for the smuggler, St. Ange?"

"I am," I replied; "and I am anxious to obtain some clue as to his whereabouts. Can you tell me anything of him?"

"I believe I can," said the man; "but I must first commence with another matter, which is much nearer my heart than this, and which will lead me to the subject upon which I was just about to speak to you. My name, sir, is Alexander Derwent: I am the elder son of a wealthy English gentleman, several years deceased. My brother William was several years younger than myself, and always, from his boyhood, possessed of a wild and ungovernable spirit. Unlike myself, he chafed and fretted under the salutary restrictions of home; and, in his twentieth year, he left the paternal roof without leave or license, and shipped at Liverpool, as we afterwards ascertained, in the capacity of a common seaman. For several years no intelligence of him was received, nor did he ever re visit the home which he had left; and the first definite information with regard to him, was the news of his death at Calcutta.

"The sorrow consequent upon this intelligence hastened the end of my father; he died in less than a year after, leaving me heir to his wealth. In the course of time, I married, and became the father of children, only one of whom, however, survived; a beautiful, intelligent boy, whom I named after myself. My wife also died several years after our marriage; so that my child and myself were now left alone.

"It was shortly after the occurrence of this event, that I was astonished by the sudden appearance of my brother William at my country house. An apparition from the grave could hardly have astonished me more; but he interrupted me sternly in the middle of my warm welcome, declaring bitterly that I need play the hypocrite no longer. In answer to my indignant demand for his meaning, he broke forth into a strain of the most angry denunciation, charging me in the same breath with prejudicing our father against him, falsifying his character, and spreading false reports of his deaths, in order that I might obtain the whole of the inheritance. My denials, protestations, and offers of explanation, were met by sneers or angry rebuffs; and he left the house, warning me that he should not rest until he had inflicted a retributive punishment upon me.

"His words caused me to tremble, for I well knew his cruel and revengeful character; nor were my fears vain ones. Upon the next night my little boy mysteriously disappeared; and although speedy and thorough search was made, no trace of him could be found. No person but myself was able to conjecture the truth; I alone could discern the hand that had inflicted the blow.

"But from that day I remained utterly ignorant of the fate of my son, until within a few week past, when I received some intelligence from Paris, which, vague and indefinite though it is, leads me to believe that my lost child may possibly be discovered in the north of France. And in view of the assistance which I think I may be able to give you in your pursuit of those smugglers, I am emboldened to ask your co-operation in my behalf."

"Your story, sir, is one which enlists all my sympathy," said I; "and I should, in any event, deem it no more than a duty to afford you all the assistance in my power. The name of Derwent does not occur to my mind as one with which I have been acquainted; but it is more than probable that I may have been brought into contact with your evil-hearted brother, under a different name. At some other time, you may open this matter to me more fully, and I will then turn my serious attention to it. Now be so good as to relate what you know of the smugglers upon the coast; if you have learned anything of them, you have been more successful than myself."

"I first came to Bonnecourt rather more than a week ago," replied my informant. "The day after my arrival I spent in rambling over these cliffs, and exploring some neighboring inlets; and merely by accident I made the important discovery of which I am about to tell you.

"It had grown quite dark before I commenced my return to the village, and I was feeling my way around a huge rock near the edge of the cliff, when I was suddenly brought to an abrupt halt by hearing a low whistle, seemingly proceeding from somewhere beneath my feet. It was immediately answered among the rocks at the left; and soon I discovered, to my surprise, the head and shoulders of a man just above the top of the cliff. Gaining the firm ground, he quickly disappeared in a narrow aperture between two perpendicular ledges, and was followed by another man, and still another, until no less than twenty men had appeared and disappeared in this manner. They all bore heavy packs, which were strapped firmly to their shoulders.

"When the last had gone, there was no longer any danger of discovery, I crept to the verge of the precipice and examined the means of their ascent. It was, as I had surmised, a ladder of ropes, secured to the face of the rock, and swinging and vibrating to and fro in the night wind. The surf dashed against the rocks far below, and I could distinguish two or three boats drawn up on the beach."

"Have you informed any person of this discovery?" was my first eager question, as he finished.

He at once gave me the gratifying assurance that he had not.

"But do you know the spot sufficiently well to find it again?" I asked.

"There will be no difficulty in finding it," he replied. "I have visited it several times by daylight, and am perfectly acquainted with the locality.

"Then I will lose no time in availing myself of your knowledge," said I. "Your revelation is a most opportune one for me; and by proceeding quickly and cautiously, I hope to be able to effect the object this very night for which I came to Bonnecourt."

Mr. Derwent assented to my arrangements, which were planned and conducted with the utmost secrecy and despatch; and an hour later, under his guidance, myself and my men were repairing to the place which he had described. No person in the village was aware of our movements; and in less than half an hour we were all snugly intrenched behind a friendly ledge, awaiting the appearance of the contrabandists. The place was one which had hitherto escaped my attention, by reason of its distance from the village, as well as the peculiar character of its approaches.

The night was extremely dark, and for a long time we waited, but without receiving any indication of the presence of those we sought. At length Mr. Derwent touched my arm, and bade me look off to the north. I did so, and saw three rapidly revolving lights twinkling upon the water, and apparently at no great distance from the shore.

"It is probably the signal of my smuggling vessel," said he; "and hark! it is answered from the rocks behind us."

The dull report of a musket corroborated his words; and we now waited in almost breathless silence, screening ourselves more perfectly behind the rocks. A long interval elasped before we received any further intimation; but at length a dark figure appeared suddenly upon the platform of rock before us, seeming to rise from the ground, and staggering under the weight of a heavy burden, he hastily entered a neighboring pass between the rocks.

The men had been previously instructed to remain quiet, and out of sight, until the last one had come and gone; and as the smugglers continued to ascend the cliff and disappear through the pass, each of us counted them, one by one.

"Twentieth and last," I exclaimed; and I emerged from my concealment. "Now, my lads," said I, "draw your cutlasses and follow me! But softly—make no noise, or those cunning coast-pirates may take wing before we can—"

My words were suddenly cut short by the unexpected appearance of another smuggler over the edge of the rock. He had gained a footing, however, before he saw us; and then turned in alarm to the ladder, only to find that his retreat was cut off in that direction. Simultaneously he gave a whistle, so loud and clear, that the rocks around echoed and re-echoed as at the blast of a bugle.

"Yield!" I exclaimed; and springing forward, I pressed the point of my cutlass against his breast. "Resist us, at your peril!" said I. "We are coast-guardsmen!"

The smuggler, who was a light-built, agile youth, who could hardly be called a man, threw off his burden with the quickness of thought, and drawing his own weapon, delivered a swinging blow at my head, which I parried. Another and another succeeded; but I soon discovered that he was no match for my experience and practice; and before half a dozen thrusts and as many cuts were given and met, I had sent his cutlass whistling over the cliff.

The prisoner thus taken was consigned to the care of two of my men; and entering the passage, I called upon the guardsmen to follow. After threading the intricate mazes of this passage for a short time, we suddenly emerged into the smugglers' cave; and at once a scene was presented which might well have caused the heart of any other than a coast-guardsman to quake with terror. The way by which we entered, as I afterwards discovered, was the sole ingress and egress of the cave; and warned by the signal of the one we had captured, and realising at once that all way of retreat was cut off, the smugglers had drawn themselves up in a body, with their arms in readiness, before the mouth of the cave, and here, with the determination of despair, were awaiting our advance.

"Yield without resistance!" I called out to them, stepping to the front. "Your lives will be spared."

"As yours will not be, if you advance one step further!" replied a gigantic smuggler, whom I instantly recognized as Harley St. Ange. "Come on, if you will! I'll open the ball!"

With these words, he discharged his pistol directly at my head—the ball narrowly grazing my temple, and lodging in the breast of a brave fellow behind me. With a shout of rage the guardsmen sprang forward; and instantly the cave was filled with the smoke and stunning report of a score of pistols. To this succeeded the groans of the wounded, the angry cries of the combatants, and, as the struggle became a hand-to-hand one, the rolling clash of cutlasses.

Such a contest, however, could not remain long doubtful. The advantages of number, experience, and real bravery, lay unquestionably with my force; so that after ten minutes' fight, and with the loss of six of our number, we had utterly routed and beaten the smugglers. A few escaped through the passage before they could be secured; but by far the greater number were captured or slain in the cave.

I had missed Harley St. Ange from the fight almost at its commencement; and upon searching from him, I discovered him lying near the entrance to the cave—the life-blood fast flowing from a pistol shot in his side. But he was not alone—Mr. Derwent was kneeling beside him; and I stood rooted to the spot with unfeigned astonishment, as I heard him address the dying smuggler in the words—"William, my brother!"

The revelation of that hour was a strange one—doubly so to Mr. Derwent, because unanticipated. The smuggler chief, so long known by the name of Harley St. Ange, died soon after; but I was gratified to see that the approach of death had the effect of softening his stubborn heart, which a lifetime of sin had so effectually hardened. Nor was he unable to atone for the injuries which he had inflicted upon Mr. Derwent; the long-lost son of the latter was revealed in the person of the young smuggler whom we had first captured; and, being made to understand the true story of his life and parentage, he wept with his father for joy over the happy fate which had re-united them.

The other surviving smugglers were sent to the galleys, and their goods and vessels confiscated; and since this successful expedition the neighborhood of Bonnecourt has ceased to be troubled by contrabandists. Concerning the Derwents, I have only to add that the death of the elder, several years since, left the son heir to the immense estates of the former; but I have never seen either since my parting with them, on the morning succeeding the fight with the smugglers, on the beach near Bonnecourt.

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Mme. Allemandi, who died a few days ago in Paris, left $8000 to the Swiss Government, $20,000 to the city of Basel, $6000 to the Canton Basel and $4000 to the Canton Solothurn. The interest of the money is to be used in paying for the wedding outfits of the daughters of Swiss laborers.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In all American history Friday has been pre-eminently lucky, a fact which should go a long way towards refuting one of the most senseless superstitions of modern or ancient time. Columbus sailed Friday, August 21; Friday, October 12, he discovered land; Friday, January 4, he sailed from the New World back to Spain, reaching Palos, Friday, March 25. In 1493 he discovered Hispaniola on a Friday, and November 22, of the same year, that day being a Friday also, he discovered the mainland.

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The time worn "million stamps" lie still survives, and is likely to prove immortal. People all over the country try to accumulate 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps, in the belief that a standing offer is made by the Government or by somebody of a big prize for such a collection. Some think that $10,000 is the sum guaranteed, while others imagine that the reward is the endowment of a permanent bed in a hospital. The popular notion on this subject being somewhat undefined, letters asking about it are constantly received at the Post-office Department. But no denials serve to destroy the widespread faith in this strange chimera.

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A fact which is not generally known outside of sporting circles is that a gunner who seeks to do the best work he is capable of requires to be measured for his gun in the same way he would be for his suit of clothes. To facilitate this operation a new adjustable gun has been devised. The bend and cast-off of the gun are adjusted by means of screws, and the points of each are placed in grooves running parallel to the line of the butt. The length of the butt is also adjusted by screws in the heel. The length and bend of the stock can in this way be regulated to the length of neck, the arm of the shooter, as well as to the various special requirements to which his style of shooting may give rise.

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The "White City," as the World's Fair grounds and buildings are termed, has the equipment of a model municipality. It has a combined water capacity of 54,000,000 gallons a day, and will soon have 100,000,000. It has 25 miles of water mains and 291 hydrants. A hundred more will be provided. There are 3 steam fire engines, 4 chemical engines, a ladder truck, water tower, 40 hose carts, 23,750 feet of hose, 1000 hand fire-extinguishers, 2500 fire pails, a steam fire boat, 66 firemen, 150 alarm boxes, 150 patrol telephones, 500 guards, complete electric light and sewerage systems, etc. By the time the Fair opens many of these facilities and equipments will be greatly increased and perfected.

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Physiognomists tell us that the human face resembles that of some animal. Those who remember the late Henry Bergh will have no difficulty in recalling the equine profile and expression of his face. It was remarkable. George Eliot was another blessed with the equine expression on her countenance. Dickens' head and face was often likened to that of a fine dog. In England and America, where dogs and horses are more thought of and better cared for than in other civilized countries, we find more men whose faces are strikingly canine and equine in profile and expression. Among successful men we often see the piercing eyes and long, bent nose of the eagle. This eagle profile, so seldom found in men of commonplace talents, is much admired by physiognomists, but physiognomists condemn the eagle's face when a woman bears it. The vast majority of men and women of our race resemble sheep, and this accounts for the stupidity and susceptibility of the average man and woman. But those who think or have been told that they look like a horse or a dog must remember that there are "balky" horses and some mighty snappy and miserable dogs.

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# Our Young Folks.

## SALMO'S PLAN.

BY A. F. S.

IT was an August evening, and the concert of Nature's many voices was nearly over.

Here and there might be heard the hum of a belated bee, or the drone of the great dorbeitle as he set out in search of prey; but the birds were at rest, the last touch of pink had faded in the western sky, and twilight was creeping over the world with noiseless steps.

The stream alone sang on, since its mission in life was to flow and make music for the benefit of certain creatures whom this story more especially concerns. To this stream then, reader, turn eyes and ears, for it may be wondrous things are going on there in the fading light, though only he who loves the pure and beautiful has power to discern them.

"I tell you it is true," said a harsh croaking voice; "and you may believe me, because I see both sides of the question, which everybody can't, since they cannot live out of as well as in the water."

The speaker, in her satiny olive green suit, crouched almost hidden among a tangle of rushes and star-like weeds close to the water, and at first sight it seemed as if she must have spoken to herself, for no other living thing was visible. But look nearer, put on the spectacles of a willing heart, and listen. For there was a flash of silver, followed by a splash distinctly heard above the monotonous ripple of the stream, and the reason of it was a young trout who leaped at a fly, then swallowed it before he allowed himself to make rejoinder to the last speech.

"Mrs. Rana, seeing's believing!—even you must own that; and not many evenings ago I heard a couple of white-skinned monsters on the bank yonder say, 'What a famous stream this is for trout!' Of course, it was made on purpose for us, and each day shows me the truth of it."

She of the olive coat shook her head with a smile.

"Hearing's not seeing, my dear," she observed sagely; "and you should believe nothing that falls on your ears, in case the words may have a twisted meaning. What an old thing it is that young folk should be so unwilling to take the gift of older people's experience, instead of buying it, and often very dearly. It's conceit, Salmo, that makes them so stupid, and it may prove fatal if over-indulged in."

"Pooh! nonsense!" grumbled the other, for he was in a talkative mood; "and as to denying our right to the stream, you might as well say I am not cousin to King Kipper, though my very name proves the fact."

"Remember your second name," was the prompt retort; "anyone called Fario must not presume on his relationship, or he will get a well-deserved snub. Well, as I told you before, there is danger here—constant danger, though you may be too small at present to see or be troubled by it."

Little Salmo seemed struck by the earnest tone of these words, and he paused in the shadow of a stone close to the speaker.

"What you say may be true," said he, "but if so, the way to avoid danger is simple enough. You know my young cousins, the Peels, are dressed just like myself, silver waistcoat, crimson spots, and all, so that none can tell the difference between us when we happen to be together. Well, I propose to go to court, to leave this part for a time, and join the princes when they go down to the sea for change. Nobody will be the wiser for one more or less in number, and by-and-by——"

Here, however, Salmo's voice faltered, and there was a flicker in the shallow water where he lay, for a shudder passed down his back to the very tip of his tail.

Mrs. Rana laughed outright, made a jump nearly twenty times her own height, and disappeared into the mud among the rushes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" croaked she, "young folk think they can do anything and are everything. Wait and see what Queen Shadder will say if you succeed in getting to court."

Salmo felt rather uncomfortable for a few minutes, but he soon consoled himself in leaping for flies and hunting along the bank for beetles or larvæ, in which he delighted.

"Heigh-ho," sighed he, "it's no use worrying oneself just because old frogs choose to croak. They can't help it, after all, and I've been born with sharp enough wits to look after myself."

With which comforting thought the trout dismissed the matter from his mind, and spent a lively night with his companions of all ages.

When the sun rose, and began his royal progress across heaven from east to west, Salmo went to rest under the warm bank, and lay snugly there for hours, only darting out from time to time till the shadows lengthened and gnats held their mazy dance over pools made by moss-trimmed boulders among the wavelets.

A few weeks slipped peacefully away, and Salmo, by dint of much pondering on his own importance, came to the conclusion that his cousins of royal blood might be pleased to claim kinship with such a pretty, well-made creature, if he introduced himself to their notice.

"There are plenty of them further down, I know," he argued; "and before long their majesties will be on their way to the sea. I shall start this evening, and they can hardly object to one of the family joining them. I am not a vulgar gudgeon, nor a pushing stickleback, nor an ugly miller's thumb. No, my manners and appearance are all that can be desired, and I can hold my own with anybody, thanks to being of such good family!"

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" inquired Salmo's brothers, who were making their way as usual up stream, and were surprised to see one of their number shooting like an arrow in opposite directions.

"Silly little fish," whispered the south wind, ruffling the surface of the water; "conceit blinds more people than anything else."

"There is no more danger for you than for us," said creamy meadow-sweet and crimson willow-herb from the bank. "You had better stay where Providence placed you, and not delude yourself that it is wiser to push your way in the world."

Salmo heard, but heeded not, and answered nothing. The stream grew wider and swifter, the boulders larger, and the banks, though broken in parts, were much higher; so the traveler knew he must now keep his eyes open for a sight of his royal cousins. Salmo had never ventured so far before, only self importance helps people on wonderfully, if they have enough of it; and presently the little fellow was rewarded by catching a glimpse of some one in a dark blue coat dotted with black buttons, trimmed with silver gray, and set off by a pale pink waistcoat.

"That must be the king," thought Salmo, and his heart went pit-a-pat. "What a splendid creature! He must weigh several pounds if he weighs an ounce."

There was no more time for comment, because a voice suddenly addressed the adventurer from a pool in the shadow of an overhanging tree.

"Who are you? What business have you here?"

"I—I—am in the king's highway," was the modest reply, as the speaker glanced uneasily about to see who questioned him. "And I came to—to—call on my cousins the Peels. Are they anywhere near here?"

Just then Salmo's eye fell on him of the pool, and his blood ran cold, for he saw an enormous pike spotted with green and yellow.

"If you weren't so small, and if I had not just dined so well," said this monster, "I should make short work of you for your impudence. As it is, you will probably be sent about your business in a way you richly deserve by those who have the best right to do it, for here comes Queen Shadder with some of the princes."

Hardly were these words said, when, trembling all over, Salmo heard a rushing sound, and next moment he was nearly surrounded by the royal party, the younger members of which began poking at him curiously with their noses while they made personal remarks.

"Who can this be, mother?"

"He's dressed just like some of us, so he must belong to the family. But he came down stream, and we're going up. How's that?"

"And he's all alone—why's this?"

"He's quaking like duckweed in a gale! I do believe the creature's frightened!"

"Hush, children," said the queen. "Clear the way, and let me see the stranger."

Another moment, and Salmo stood in the royal presence with a number of Peels and Grilse in a half circle behind him.

"Now then," inquired her majesty, "what do you want here? Only truth, if you please, for thought is language in the water-world, so lies will avail you nothing."

Poor Salmo was in a fine fix. He had never counted on the possible meeting with Mr. Pike, who is nicknamed "the river pig" because of his greediness. He had never reckoned on falling in with Queen Shadder herself, and had altogether counted too much on his powers of fascination, which in the present pinch were no good whatever.

"I—I—I—wished to travel—to——" began the intruder, stammering, with downcast eyes; but having got so far, he was rudely interrupted.

"Say no more," snapped the chief listener, flapping her tail impatiently, "I see plainly how it is. Thanks to your dress being like that of some of my younger children, you hoped to pass yourself off as one of our party when we went to the sea. It is true you are a cousin, though small and of no importance to anybody except yourself, thanks to your unbounded conceit. Go home then, learn to live for others, forget yourself, and, above all, never attempt to push yourself where you are not wanted."

Ashamed and crestfallen, Salmo obeyed without another word, and when he found himself once more safely among his brothers near the meadow-sweet and rushes he felt that he had learned a lesson for life. No doubt he profited by it, for this is the end of all lessons; but not having seen Salmo since, I cannot tell you for certain.

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TAKING THINGS EASY.—When a man tells you that he "always takes things easy" and "never puts himself out of the way for anything or anybody," set him down in your mental memorandum-book as a chronic laziness and selfishness. Such easy-going individuals never win either fortune or fame. They may call their indifference independence; but, if so, they make a miserable mistake. Real independence is the offspring of well-directed energy, and the "philosophy of indolence" is nothing better than a mean and contemptible sophistry. God Himself has vetoed indolence: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is the vigorous language of inspiration. Latent talent is of no more use than latent heat. Both must be developed and applied in order to be of any practical value. No man can be even a true Christian without energy; and, if we were required to put the whole duty of man into the shortest possible form of words, we would say to him, "Work and pray."

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WHAT IS HOME?—"Home," says Robertson, in his Sermons, "is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which 'his heart untrammelled fondly turns.' He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities."

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THE LAST TONGUE.—Not far from Sevenoaks there lives a man whose spouse one day got in a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again the clapper of that little bell, that sometimes made his ears tingle; she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again. She was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, handkerchiefs, etc., and without thinking, screamed out "Mercy! what in the world are you doing?"—"Nothing," he replied, quite coolly; "only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

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FARMER (to medical man): "If you get out my way, doctor, any time, I wish you'd stop and see my wife. She says she ain't feeling well." Physician: "What are some of her symptoms?" Farmer: "I dunno. This morning, after she had milked the cows, and fed the pigs, and got breakfast for the laborers, and washed the dishes, and built a fire under the copper in the wash-house, and done a few odd jobs about the house, she complained of feeling tired-like. I shouldn't be surprised if her blood was out of order. I fancy she needs a dose of medicine."

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chinese streets are not often more than 8 feet wide.

A full grown elephant is capable of carrying a load of two tons.

It is estimated that 4000 duels are fought every year in France.

There are in the United States more than 1700 distinct and separate railways.

A girl at Pottsville, Penna., accidentally swallowed her engagement ring.

A female resident of Fresno county, California, has figured in seven elopements.

An American flag made entirely of acorns, it is said, is exhibited by a Baltimore man.

The Japanese have returned to cremation, after trying for a time the European custom of burial.

For 52 consecutive miles on the Boston and Albany Railroad, it is said, there is not a grade crossing.

Two hogs, stolen from a farmer near Fairbury, Illinois, were recovered in a bed at the home of the thief.

A five-cent piece is said to have been found in the gizzard of a chicken killed recently at Bluffton, Indiana.

Eastman, Ga., has a society called "The Society of Amalgamated Prevaricators." The word "Ananias" is engraved on the badge of honor.

A street car in Minneapolis ran over a dog the other day, and the owner of the animal has brought suit for $1000 damages against the company.

A milkman at Primrose, Pa., has a dog that is so accustomed to tramping the daily milk route that on Sunday he insists on going the round alone.

During the last year a church in a New England town, which has a congregation of but 58 persons, has heard or considered 20 delegates for the pulpit.

A woman committed suicide at Traverse City, Michigan, on Monday, by placing a wet towel around her throat and choking herself to death by twisting the towel tight.

Mrs. Florence Bryan and John O'Connor, prisoners in the county jail at Columbus, Ohio, were caught passing love notes through the bars to each other the other day.

Some fashionable restaurants permit their customers to make their own tea. Every table is provided with a dainty tea kettle, which the waiter sets to singing by lighting a spirit lamp.

A Detroit school uses the Columbia postage stamps as a text for essays. They form quite a picture gallery, and as is generally known, are descriptive of the discovery of this country.

Splinter pulling bees, at which the boys employed in the kindling wood mills extract the splinters accumulated during the day out of each others' hands is the latest form of amusement down East.

The town of Edmore, Michigan, has a unique way of keeping tramps from visiting that place. The marshal locks them in the bastile drawing-room, builds a good fire and places a liberal quantity of pepper on the stove.

A fire took place at Springfield, Ohio, the other day, the result of a queer accident. A small boy was flying a kite with a lantern attached to its tail. The string broke and the kite fell on the roof of the house, the lantern setting fire to the shingles.

Colonel Smoloff, of the Russian Army, is a great advocate of the use of falcons to carry dispatches in times of war. He has trained a number of falcons, and says that they can fly four times as fast as the carrier pigeons, and are less likely to be killed by other birds.

A resident at Green Lake, Wis., has an old cat that has become strongly attached to a cow, and spends the greater part of the day, it is said, curled up on her back, fast asleep. The cow is said to return the friendship and is never more content than when the cat is perched on her back.

On March 4th, 1889, when Benjamin Harrison was being inaugurated, the wife of Robert H. Young, at Swannoonah, North Carolina, presented him with a daughter. Last Saturday, about the hour Cleveland was delivering his inaugural address, Mrs. Young gave birth to another baby, a boy, who has been named Grover Cleveland Young.

After two New York policemen had emptied the contents of their revolvers at an alleged crazy cat without effect, other than drill numerous holes in the walls of a house, they deliberated what to do next. A private citizen who happened along solved the problem by seizing the animal by the nape of the neck and drowning it in a convenient barrel of water.

In order to mitigate the sufferings of the poor residents of Moscow during the present severe winter, Grand Duke Sergo, the governor of the city, ordered that big wood fires should be kept burning in all the public squares day and night, and that large mugs of hot tea should be supplied to those in need at the nominal cost of two kopecks (less than one cent) a mug.

### SAD AND ALONE.

BY E. E. R.

Sitting idly, dreaming sadly,
  Dreaming by my window pane,
Listening to the never-ceasing,
  Never-ceasing pattering rain;
Vainly—oh, how vainly!—wishing
  For the bright past back again.

Kneeling lowly, visions holy,
  Still I listen, gentle rain;
Voices calling, tears are falling,
  Yet I hear that heavenly strain,
Sweetly bringing, angels singing,
  Lighting Hope's bright lamp again!

### HEREDITARY CLERGYMEN.

It has not yet been proved, though Mr. Galton has attempted to do so, that genius and ability are qualities capable of being transmitted from father to son. But it is frequently seen that for several generations families have followed one particular profession, and as they have often done so with considerable success, it is to be presumed that they inherited abilities that peculiarly adapted them for the hereditary calling.

There are families that can, and do, boast of their four or five successive generations engaged in the law or medicine or trade. The clerical profession has been particularly favored in this direction, almost every religious denomination having had families who for generations have devoted themselves to the ministerial or sacerdotal functions.

A very prominent family among the Jews, the Adlers, have long held high rank in their church. In the last century flourished the Rabbi Beer Adler. He was father of Mordecai Adler, Chief Rabbi of Hanor, whose son, the Rev. Dr. Nathan Adler, was for a great number of years Chief Rabbi of England. Dr. Nathan Adler's son, Dr. H. Adler, having been for some years Delegate Chief Rabbi of England, has now succeeded his father.

Thus four generations of the Adler family have held the Rabbinate; and a passage in the will of Dr. Nathan Adler points to there being still another generation in the person of the son of the present Chief Rabbi, carrying out the priestly traditions of the family.

In the Church of Rome, the celibacy of the clergy prevents the direct transmission of the priestly office; but there are numerous families—for instance, the Vaughans, to which the Archbishop of Westminster belongs—in which one or more members of several generations have become clergymen.

The Church of England has had many examples of clerical families. In some cases these families, having inherited the presentation of a living, very naturally brought up one of their members in holy orders to keep the benefice in the family.

In others, doubtless, a strong theological bias has almost forced its members to enter the Church; and it has even been suggested that these clerical families have inherited from their ancestors sermons, and thus having a good stock of these essentials, have chosen the preaching career merely to utilize their heirlooms.

One of the oldest of the clerical families is the Collins family of Cornwall. This was founded at the Reformation by one of the earliest of the married priests, a certain Edward Collins, who was instituted Rector of Illogan in 1533. He and his descendants were Rectors of the same place for the next one hundred and fifty-one years, a break of twelve years excepted.

For five generations the clerical descent of this family runs from father to son; then for two generations from uncle to nephew; then a father and son; diverging from the main line it goes for two generations from uncle to a nephew, who is now living—thus making a total of eleven generations each represented by one or more clergymen.

For a period of over three hundred and fifty years some member of the Collins family has been in holy orders. The Collins family has been connected with the Church for half a century longer than the Newcome family, to which, however, it must yield the palm as regards the distinction attained by its members.

The Newcome family was established by Stephen Newcome, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was Curate of Girton. He had an only son, Stephen, who became, in 1617, Rector of Caldecot. This Stephen left several children, three of whom became clergymen.

From the eldest of these sons descended Daniel Newcome, Dean of Gloucester; William Newcome, Archbishop of Armagh; and a number of rectors and vicars. From the second of the three brothers also descended clergymen of the Established Church; while from the third, Henry Newcome of Manchester, the celebrated Presbyterian minister, and ejected Vicar of Gawsworth, descended a line of clergy that even now, after a lapse of a couple of hundred years, is in a flourishing condition.

Henry Newcome, though himself a staunch Nonconformist, does not appear to have had any objection to his children conforming. Of his three sons, two were clergymen, Henry, the eldest son, being Rector of Middleton, Lancashire; while the youngest, Peter, became Rector of Hackney.

Peter had two clerical sons, Peter, Rector of Shenley; and Richard, Bishop of St. Asaph. The Rector of Shenley was father of Henry Newcome, Vicar of Gresford, who was the father of Richard, Archdeacon of Merioneth, and of Thomas, Rector of Shenley. The Rev. Thomas Newcome was father of the present Rev. H. J. Newcome, Rector of Shenley, and of the Rev. Edward W. Newcome.

The representatives of this family are thus the eighth generation of priests of the Church of England, all, it is said, holding benefice, and all, with the exception of Henry Newcome of Gawsworth and Manchester, episcopally ordained.

The present Bishop of Lincoln is the representative of an important family which now records its five generations of clerical descent. The first clergyman of the family was Dr. James King, Dean of Raphoe in 1775; he was father of Dr. Thomas King, Prebendary of Canterbury, and of Dr. Walker King, Bishop of Rochester.

Two of Bishop King's sons were clergymen, the elder being Archdeacon King, who was father of Canon Walker King, and of Dr. Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln. Canon King's son is also in holy orders.

## Grains of Gold.

Very little real praying is done in public.

Self-conceit is harder to cure than cancer.

We often pay the most for what we need the least.

If you haven't much you can double it by being thankful.

We can all learn better by example than we can by precept.

No man is fit for heaven as long as he wants anybody else kept out.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by kindness.

There are men who starve their children to help the brewer fatten his horses.

Love your enemies, and you won't have any trouble about treating them right.

If some people were straighter in their walk there would be more power in their talk.

Experience is a trophy composed of all the weapons we have been wounded with.

Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess.

One who is never busy never enjoys rest, for rest implies relief from previous labor.

There are two sides to every question, but every man believes that his side is the right one.

People who wear loud clothes are doing their best to make up for some conscious lack.

## Femininities.

Perfumed wax is used for fashionable correspondence.

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

Silver scissors for cutting bunches of grapes are a table novelty.

The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.

The way to be somebody in heaven is, to be willing to be nobody on earth.

There are 27 royal families in Europe, of which there are, all told, 400 members.

The "Would-be-Married Men's Club" is the name of a society at West Troy, New York.

From what did the old-fashioned horse-pistol derive its name?—From its habit of kicking.

The woman who marries a man to reform him undertakes a task that will ruin her complexion.

Orange-peel when thoroughly dried or baked is a capital thing for lighting fires. It burns fiercely and gives out an intense heat.

When a man eloped with Briggs' wife, he exclaimed: "Well, I can't blame him, poor fellow! I was awfully infatuated with her myself once."

Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

The Empress of Germany has just sent a little token of regard to the Empress of Japan, in the shape of a water color sketch painted by herself.

Heiress: "Am I the only girl in the whole wide world you love?" He: "No, dear; but you are the only girl I know who could afford to marry me."

It is a very easy matter for a person to be in two places at the same time. One frequently hears of a man being in a strange country and home sick.

In the fine arts exhibit at the World's Fair will appear three pictures from Windsor Castle, loaned by Queen Victoria, and several from the Prince of Wales' collection.

"Charles, dear, now that we are married, you know, we must have no secrets. So do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair-dye; you will find it in my dressing-case."

Ethel, fishing for a compliment: "I wonder what he saw in me to fall in love with?" Clarissa: "That's what everybody says. But men are curious creatures, dear."

Harry: "And, dearest, do you think of me all day long?" Dearest: "I did, Harry; but the days are getting longer now and of course—well, you know that must make some difference."

Tom: "You ought to have been to the theatre with us last night. Awfully funny. We roared with laughter the whole time." Harry: "Between the acts, too?" Tom: "No; then we smiled."

A male child, born recently on a railway train between Lewistown, Pa., and New York city, has been named "Aller" by his mother, after the sleeping car in which he first saw the light.

Pennsylvania is the banner State for women postmistresses. They number 463. There are over 6000 in the whole Union, and the number might be increased with advantage to the service.

The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

Mrs. Rozetta Hinton, colored, who lives near Princeton, North Carolina, is said to have been a grandmother before she was 27 years old. She was under 13 when her daughter was born, and this daughter became a mother before she was 14.

It is said to have been discovered by a Louisville girl that performers on wind instruments generally develop dimples in their cheeks, caused probably by the frequent strain on the facial muscles, which are brought into play by the act of blowing.

The following notice appeared in London, Ontario, papers a short time ago: "Mrs. Blank begs sincerely to thank her friends for letters of sympathy received pending proceedings for dissolution of marriage, in which she, the petitioner, obtained the final decree on the —th inst."

Fagot parties are the latest. The company must be select and congenial; then after dinner has refreshed and a glass of wine has stimulated and cheered, the hearth is piled with pine fagots, the lights are put out, and the moment is waited for when the blaze is blue to tell stories. Ghostly tales are first brought out.

A London newspaper relates that a few days ago Queen Victoria was greatly pleased with a piece of music performed by a band playing in public at Osborne. She sent one of her attendants to learn the name of the piece. With some embarrassment the attendant reported that the piece was entitled "Come Where the Booze is Cheaper."

## Masculinities.

The Emperor of Russia has fourteen palaces.

He that is in your power is under your protection.

"A fool in fermentation" is the last and best definition of a vain person.

The first issue of admission tickets to the World's Fair is limited to 1 000 000.

A one-armed man at Manchester, N. H., is said to be an expert pool player.

Every Turk, no matter what his station, is trained in some art or handicraft.

There are men who starve their children to help the brewer fatten their horses.

The smallest soldier in France is Louis Bernadat, who is only 2 feet 4 inches in height.

A Mississippi man is suing his wife for divorce on the ground that she makes him do the cooking.

Sixty-four of the United States Senators are lawyers, one a preacher, one a doctor and one a journalist.

After mourning the death of his wife for only five days, a Brooklyn man took to himself a second wife.

A young man was arrested and fined lately at Atchison, Kansas, for whistling between the acts in a theatre.

Ira Ward, of New Haven, Vermont, who is 97 years old, visited the barber shop for the first time one day recently.

A newspaper may be sent from any part of the United States to Stanley Falls in Africa, 1000 miles beyond Stanley Pool, for four cents.

Eugene Blood, of Northfield, Minnesota, shot himself because the young woman to whom he was engaged was sick and not expected to live.

He: "My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." She, anxiously: "I don't live on the roof."

Lee Mantle, who has been appointed Senator from Montana, was born in England 43 years ago, and came to this country when about 9 years old.

Mr. R. L. Gilmer, of Mount Airy, N. C., who celebrated his 84th birthday recently, had ten invited male friends present, whose ages ranged from 72 to 99.

In the island of Madagascar the dissatisfied husband has only to give his wife a piece of money and to say, "Madam, I thank you!" in order to be divorced.

A bustling burglar in one night recently at Phœnix, Arizona Territory, robbed four offices, a bank and a stable. He was arrested on the following morning.

During the last 20 years more than $53,000,000 has been spent in restoring cathedrals and churches in England, and more than $18,000,000 in building new churches.

In the craw of an aged goose, killed at Royersford, Pa., recently, there were found, it is said, three brass buttons, two thimbles, a dime, three pennies and a glass marble.

The city of Boston lays claim to the oldest postal clerk in Uncle Sam's service. His name is Charles Bingham, and he has been employed in the postoffice for 54 years.

When a man comes round with a scheme with "millions in it," it may be safe enough to endorse his sentiments, but one should be careful about endorsing his paper.

"See that poor man on the sidewalk there? Well, the result of all his work for two weeks has been destroyed by fire." "Too bad." "Not a bit. He is a kindling-wood splitter."

A resident of Kansas City, Mo., who took out a license for a dog under the name of Christopher Columbus, was much surprised to find that the number 1492 was stamped on the license.

"Do you know Mr. Drydust?" asked Maud. "Yes," replied Bessie. "He's very learned, isn't he?" "What makes you think so?" "He can talk so long on uninteresting things."

"One thing I like about our new man," said a member of the firm to his partner, "is that he's reliable. You can always tell what he is going to do next." "And what is that?" "Nothing."

An idea, evolved by an ingenious woman whose dainty tete-a-tete set lost both of its saucers, was to tie the two noteless cups together with a bow of fancy ribbon and convert them to the service of used and unused matches.

When Queen Victoria was married she distributed, in remembrance of the event, gold rings enclosing her likeness, but so exceedingly small that they were invisible except by means of a magnifying glass. They are highly treasured amongst many members of the aristocracy to this day.

"Has anybody here a corkscrew?" spoke up a sharp-nosed old gentleman in the sleeping car. "I have!" was the ready response from nearly every seat. "Just as I thought!" shouted the old gentleman, springing to his feet. "And now who will be the first to sign the temperance pledge?"

## HOW CAVES ARE FORMED.

It becomes an interesting questions to find out how this subterranean system is made; for in so many cases valley passes into ravine, and that into a cave, so that the cause which has formed one must have formed all.

It requires but a cursory glance to see at once that running water was the main agent. The limestone is so traversed by joints and lines of shrinkage, that the water sinks rapidly down into its mass, and collects in small streams, which owe their direction to the dip of the water and the position of the fissures.

These channels are being continually deepened and widened by the mere mechanical action of the passage of stones and silt. But this is not the only way in which the rock is gradually eroded. The limestone is composed in great part of pure carbonate of lime, which is insoluble in water.

It is, however, readily dissolved in any liquid containing carbonic acid, which is an essential part of our atmosphere, and is invariably present in the rain water, and is given off by organic bodies. By this invariable agent, the hard crystalline rock is always being attacked in some form or other. The very snails that take refuge in its crannies leave an enduring mark of their presence in a surface fretted with their acid exhalations, which very often pass current among geologists for the borings of pholades, and are the innocent cause of much speculation as to the depression of the mountain-tops beneath the sea in comparatively modern times.

The carbonic acid taken up by the rain is derived in the main from the decomposing vegetable matter which generally forms the surface soil in limestone. Its effects are to be seen in a most marked degree in the bare, gray masses of rock termed "pavements," that stand out like waves from the purple heather, and are worn and fissured into the strangest possible shapes.

Sometimes the surface is made up of a number of sharp points that look like a sheaf of sword-blades; at others, there are ravines and caves in miniature; and very generally the strata are divided into a series of large angular blocks, which work with the greatest freedom.

The minute fossil shells and fragments of crinoids standing out in bold relief testify that the agent which removed so much rock is chemical, not mechanical. The invisible agent is equally at work in the caves as well as above ground, everywhere attacking the surface, even out of the reach of the streams.

The endless varieties of stalactite and stalagmite are merely so much solid matter taken by it out of the rock, and redeposited where the excess of carbonic acid in the water happens to be taken up by a free current of air. To it, then, as well as to the mechanical power of the stream, the formation and enlargement of caves must be assigned.

INTERESTING FACTS.—The Atlantic Ocean includes an area of 30,000,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse, it would weigh 300,000,000 tons, and the salt which, as water, is held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as a vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed 16,000,000 more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature that movements so vast are unperceived.

TINLEY JONES, a farmer, at Brookville, Indiana, was nearly buried alive in a peculiar way one day lately. He crawled under a strawstack to drive out a number of hogs that had taken refuge there, when the former tumbled over, burying him beneath it. Becoming alarmed at his absence, his wife and the hired man instituted a search, and, noticing that the strawstack had toppled over, went to work and succeeded in rescuing Mr. Jones in time to save his life.

If you go out early in the morning, you may catch rheumatism. Salvation Oil cures it.

## ABOUT GEMS.

The finest emeralds come from Peru, and other parts of South America, though they are sometimes brought from the East. They are of a beautiful clear green color, some very dark, others paler, and are much valued and used for ornamental jewelry.

The Queen of Spain's emeralds were among the most beautiful jewels shown at the Great London Exhibition.

Rubies are very striking gems, being, when of the finest sort, of a beautiful dark-red color, and very clear: they are not, however, often of large size, and are not so hard as many other gems—the emerald for instance. There is an inferior kind, of a pale-rose color, which are brought from Balachan, in Turkey.

The sapphire is generally called a blue gem, and that is the color intended when people talk of a "sapphire hue," but it varies so much in color that there are sapphires which resemble, and as it were, counterfeit other gems; these are called oriental emeralds, topazes, or whatever other stone they resemble.

The red sapphire, or oriental ruby, is one of the most valuable gems, coming next after the diamond. Some sapphires present when polished a beautiful effect, from a six-rayed star of light gleaming in their center. This is the effect of the six-sided form of the crystal.

A carbuncle is a gem of a beautiful deep-red color, with a mixture of scarlet, found in the East Indies. It is usually found pure, of an angular figure: its usual size is nearly a quarter of an inch in length, and two-thirds of that in diameter. When held up to the sun it loses its deep tinge, and becomes exactly of the color of a burning coal.

The opal is only partially clear, and its great beauty consists in the play of colors from its interior; yellow, red, and green, the most exquisite tints, flash and gleam from it as it is moved about. The finest opals are as valuable as diamonds; they are brought from Turkey, and sometimes from Hungary, but it is seldom that any are found of large size.

The amethyst is a clear, hard stone of a beautiful violet color by daylight, but looking brown by candlelight; it is nearly related to the quartz rock-crystal, which is used for making spectacle glasses, and sometimes for false diamonds. We get the finest amethysts from Ceylon, the Brazils, and the southern part of Spain.

The turquoise is an opaque stone of a blue color; it is very soft in comparison with most gems, and is therefore often used for engraving upon; it is very easily imitated, and, consequently, a large proportion of cheap jewelry pretends to be adorned with turquoises.

The topaz is of a bright golden yellow: the garnet, of a good deep red: the latter is not very valuable, though very pretty. In some places small garnets are crushed to use instead of emery; and in Germany, where garnets are very abundant, they are sometimes used as a flux for iron ore. The topaz is found in several parts of the East Indies, in Ethiopia, Arabia, Peru, and Bohemia; the oriental are the most esteemed. They can easily be imitated.

STEEL CAR AXLES.—An excellent illustration of the effect which the substitution of steel for iron is having in some industries is furnished by the experience of makers of car axles. They are now buying and working steel billets within ⅛ inch of the finished size, so that little hammer work is required. When iron called for four heats, which it was necessary to make very cautiously, steel axles are finished in two heats. The result naturally is that the quantity of work which can be turned out per annum is very greatly increased. Where 24 iron axles was the work of one shift, 36 steel axles are now produced. With cheap steel of excellent quality, axles which stand very much more severe tests are produced at a price nearly equal to that of the old iron axle. There is only one drawback, which railroad buying agents neglect only too frequently—that scrap steel has not the same value as the best No. 1 selected wrought scrap, as which old iron axles would rate.

A WOMAN with two children, after dining in a Texas restaurant, discovered that she had lost her pocket-book. The proprietor was in the act of having her arrested as a fraud, when a man walked up and offered to pay the bill. Both looked at each other as though they were acquainted, but neither spoke. Once they had been man and wife, but had been divorced about ten years ago.

Nothing succeeds in removing coughs and colds like Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

FACTS REGARDING THE CITY OF LONDON.—London, with all its suburbs, covers within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles. It numbers within these boundaries over 4,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more country-born inhabitants than the counties of Devon and Gloucester combined, or thirty-seven per cent. of its entire population.

Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. Within the circle named there are added to the population 205 persons every day, and 75,000 annually.

London has 7,000 miles of streets, and on an average twenty-eight miles are opened and 9,000 new houses built every year; 1,000 vessels and 9,000 sailors are in port every day.

Its crime is also in proportion to its extent. Seventy-three thousand persons are annually taken into custody by the police, and more than one-third of all the crime in the country is committed within its borders. Thirty-eight thousand persons are annually committed for drunkenness by its magistrates.

The metropolis comprises considerably upward of 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. Its beershops and gin-palaces are so numerous that their frontages, if placed side by side, would stretch a distance of sixty-two miles.

If all the dwellings in London could thus have their frontages placed side by side they would extend beyond the city of York, a distance of 172 miles. London has sufficient paupers to occupy every house in Brighton.

The society which advocates the cessation of Sunday labor will be astonished to learn that sixty miles of shops are open every Sunday. With regard to churches and chapels, the Bishop of London, examined before a committee of the House of Lords in the year 1840, said: "If you proceed a mile or two eastwards of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, laborers, beggars, and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 souls. Throughout this entire quarter there is not more one church for every 10,000 inhabitants, and in two districts, there is but one church for 45,000 souls."

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—In Thuringia, Germany, there is a district which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial eyes, husbands, wives and children all working together at this means of livelihood. And yet, though these simple German village people turn out their produce by the dozen, not two eyes are ever the same. No artificial eye has its exact fellow either in color or in size in the whole world. The method of the manufacture is not a very complicated art. They are firstly glass plates, which are blown by gas jets, then moulded by hand into the form of an oval shaped cup. The coloring of the eyes is effected by means of tracing with fine needles, the tints being left to the taste of the individual worker, though the scope of their taste is necessarily limited to grays and blues and browns and blacks, which colors are assorted together before being eventually despatched to their various destinations.

A DETESTABLE CHARACTER.—The slanderer has ever been regarded as a most detestable character; and the person who commits the iniquity must expect the severest retaliation. Few would err in this respect, if they would but consider that they provoke the same conduct in others which they exhibit themselves. We are none of us immaculate; and the most irreproachable cannot afford to fling a stone at a neighbor. Indulgence in scandal of any kind is a disgraceful occupation of time, and tends in no small degree to vitiate the heart and weaken the understanding. It is the pastime of the idle and the corrupt, and no virtuous man or woman will stoop to the indignity. Based on falsehood, calumny, and envy, it exposes those who pursue it to similar treatment at the hands—or, we should say, when alluding to the ladies, mouths—of those whom they have detracted, and by and by it is a contest between the parties who shall be the cleverest and most racy inventor, and unblushing detractor.

TRUTH is evil enough in man, God knows; but it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.


R. R. R.

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY.

From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

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BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

# RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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RADWAY & Co., 32 Warren St., N. Y. City.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be Sure and ask for RADWAY'S and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Book of Advice mailed on application.

# Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for April is a most readable number. It opens brightly, as the spring days that are upon us. There are pictures, poetry, music, stories, fine miscellaneous articles, and a bundle of "Short Arrows." Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

NEW INTERPRETATIONS.—In one of the Utica N. Y., schools the other day, the teacher gave out some abbreviations for the children of a class to write. Among them were M. D., B. C. and B. A. When she looked over the papers of one of the pupils she found that M. D. was properly scheduled "Physician," C. C. referred to the period "Before Christ," and B. A. indicated "Before Adam." This, though quite funny, was equaled by the experience of an Albany teacher not long since. A school girl was reading an account of Julius Cæsar, who was born so many years B. C. The teacher explained that B. C. meant before Christ, remarkly incidentally, "Before the birth of Christ." The pupil kept on reading, and in the next paragraph there was something about one of the old Romans, who flourished so many years "A. D." Taking the cue given by the explanatory remark of her teacher, the girl read: "Marcus Aurelius," who flourished 140 years after death."

A LADY, who has been traveling in China, writes very interestingly to a New York paper of the different treatment which the boys and girls of that kingdom receive. "When a son is born he sleeps upon a bed. The bed is richly draped, and the little fellow is clothed with robes as gorgeous as his parents can afford to buy. His playthings are pearls, and if he be the only boy in the household every one obeys his princely cries. But when a girl is born very little notice is taken of her. She sleeps upon the ground, and is merely wrapped up in a big piece of cloth. When old enough to play with anything she is given a piece of tile, and she is not considered capable of acting either right or wrong. As she grows up she is taught to prepare food and make wine. Beyond that she knows nothing expect to obey her parents."

THE BEE'S STING USEFUL.—It will be a surprise to many to learn that, after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not its stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dexterous use of their stings, and, during this final finishing stage of the process of honey-making, the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to the honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

As TO the classes of men most easily accessible to corrupt influences, agents invariably agree. Easily first are leaders of working men's or farmers' political movements. In estimating an elected body, the members elected on such tickets are placed on the directly purchasable list without much inquiry. Next come the editors of country newspapers and newspapers in small cities; then country lawyers and that class of city lawyers who usually seek such positions, though lawyers and editors, as a rule, prefer to gloss over the transaction by the pretence of professional services which deceives no one concerned. Religious profession rarely makes much difference with politicians, although it tends to render them more cautious, and leads them to depend on indirect methods of approach when both parties perfectly understand the end to be reached and are equally anxious to attain it.

A COLORED lad at Arrow Rock, Mo., started on a trip with a mule recently. On attempting to ascend a hill the mule "couldn't make it," when the boy took off his overshoes, put them on the animal and continued his ride without any trouble.

FIRST STATESMAN.—"I can truly say that no man ever sought to bribe me." Second Ditto—"Oh, well, I wouldn't be discouraged. Your luck may change some time or other."

"I MAILED a postal card to-day and forgot to address it. I'm very absent-minded." "So am I. Yesterday I mailed a Columbian stamp without putting the letter on it."

NATURE'S BAROMETER.—Certain movements on the part of the animal creation, before a change of weather, appear to indicate a reasoning faculty. Such seems to be the case with the common garden spider, which, on the approach of rainy or windy weather, will be found to shorten and strengthen the guys of his web, lengthening the same when the storm is over.

There is a popular superstition that it is unlucky for an angler to meet a single magpie; but two of the birds together are a good omen. The reason is that the birds foretell the coming of cold or stormy weather; and then, instead of their searching for food for their young in pairs, one always remains on the nest.

Sea gulls predict storms by assembling on the land, as they know that the rain will bring earthworms and larvæ to the surface. This, however, is merely a search for food, and is due to the same instinct which teaches the swallow to fly high in fine weather, and skim along the ground when foul is coming. They simply follow the flies and gnats which remain in the warm strata of the air.

The different tribes of wading birds always migrate before rain, likewise to hunt for food. Many birds foretell rain by warning cries and uneasy actions, and swine will carry hay and straw to hiding places, oxen will lick themselves the wrong way of the hair, sheep will bleat and skip about, hogs turned out in the woods will come grunting and squealing, colts will rub their backs against the ground, crows will gather in crowds, crickets will sing more loudly, flies come into the house, frogs croak and change color to a dingier hue, dogs eat grass, and rooks soar like hawks.

It is probable that many of these actions are due to actual uneasiness, similar to that which all who are troubled with corns or rheumatism experience before a storm, and are caused both by the variation in pressure and the changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere.


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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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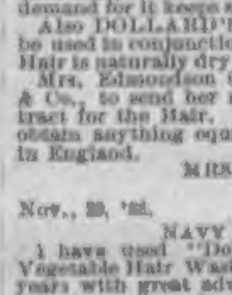

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# Humorous.

### ABBREVIATED.

He asked the policeman his No.
When he woke from a much needed slo.,
  But the copper got hot
  And clubbed him a lot,
Then hid on a big pile of Lo.

On pianos and organs she Es.,
Making strange and mysterious sks.;
  And the watchman calls out
  To see what she's about
As he goes on his cold nightly rbs.

—C. N. SONE.

### Stuck on the Girls.

Why does charity begin at home? Much of it is too weak to get out.

Having to live on one's wits is the best anti-fat remedy discovered so far.

There is one business industry that has some snap to it even in dull times—the whip manufacture.

"I tell you, Smithers, the child is father to the man." "Suppose the child's a girl, what then?"

"Do you play the banjo?" "Not when there are any people around." "Why not?" "They won't let me."

Ethel, showing her engagement ring: "Don't you admire his taste?" Maud: "Ye-es—so far as jewelry is concerned."

The shop of an undertaker in Candelaria, Nev., bears the following sign: "You kick the bucket. We do the rest."

Mr. Isaacs, to his son: "Mark dose two-dollar umprellas cop to five dollars, and sell dem for tree and a half. It looks like rain."

Sunday-school teacher: "Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath?" Freddy Fangle: "Please, ma'am, he was rocked to sleep."

Cumso: "Did you notice McFeeter's prominent cheek bones?" Fangle: "I didn't notice the bones particularly, but I noticed his prominent cheek."

Resident: "Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician." Young doctor: "Yes, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first."

"How is your friend doing out in Helena?"

"Oh, he's carrying everything before him."

"Good; what business is he in?"

"He's a waiter in a restaurant."

Sister Goldbug: "I'se berry sorry, Bre'r Whitetop, to see you coming out ob dat saloon yisterday." Brother Whitetop: "Can't help it, Sister Goldbug; I can't expend all my time in dere; I se got ter go home wunst in er while."

Harry: "So she refused you, did she?"

Jack: "Yes, and I shall remember what she said as long as I live."

"What did she say?"

"She said 'No'."

He was a buyer in a large wholesale house, and he was in love. One night he snatched a kiss. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I am so well pleased with this sample that I should like to negotiate for all you have!" He was accepted on the spot.

Mr. Crossbear: "I must congratulate you, Mrs. Chin, on your part in the tableaux. I really didn't think you could do it."

Mrs. Chin: "Thank you. You didn't think I could do it, eh?"

"No; I did not think you could keep your mouth shut that long."

First artist: "Well, old man, how's business?"

Second artist: "Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. He wants his children painted very badly."

First artist, pleasantly: "Well, my boy, you are the very man for the job."

Hennessey: "Poor Doc is a terrible drunkard." Pepper: "Yes; and yet he has done a great deal of good in the world." Hennessey: "How?" Pepper: "Almost every time he gets drunk he swears off with some one, and now and then one of the fellows he swears off with keeps his pledge."

### LATEST FASHION PHASES.

When a dress is loose this season, it is loose in earnest, so loose that a woman could disappear entirely within its folds and no one would know where to look for her if she died therein and made no sign. The sleeves need all the way from two to four yards of material and are puffed and gathered out of all proportion. The shoulders are broadened in such a manner as to suggest buckram, and the rest hangs in wealthy fullness from the yoke and trains behind far enough to furnish unlimited rides for the cat.

One came under my notice this week that was elegant. At five feet distant it looked like an expensive dress, and yet it could not have cost $6 aside from the making. The back of the gown was of cotton challie, in a pale yellowish green, scarcely more than a tint, with large garnet arabesque figures all over it. It had a watteau plait in the back and was lined with cheesecloth to give it body while retaining its softness. The front was of pale pink crepon, gathered to a yoke, under a band of persian embroidery.

The yoke and other accessories were of garnet velutina, and these were made so as to be easily removed when the gown was to be washed, for it was washable. The velvet extended across the shoulders in the back in the form of a bertha, and the watteau plait started under this. For warm weather the high collar can be omitted, and it can be V shaped at the neck, with a drooping frill of lace.

This same design could be made up in the dainty chambrays and zephyr ginghams, and also in silk or any of the pretty light wool goods. It is as suitable for a morning gown as for a tea gown, for which it was really designed.

NEW TEA GOWNS.

Another very elegant tea gown for a young matron was made of cashmere in pale heliotrope, with the accessories of faille three shades darker. This was edged with narrow peacock fines, which gave brightness to the whole. It had the yoke and the stolelike bands, bishop sleeves and close sleeve caps that have so suddenly sprung into favor in place of the high effects.

The yoked gown is easy to make. It is no trouble to fit a yoke, and all the rest hangs from this in loose, easy folds, so there is no "trick" in it, and any one can make such a gown easily. The sleeves are also very simple, the seam being turned up, which brings the fullness downward, as is now the style.

This tea gown could be made of the light washable summer fabrics, and the wearer could make any little changes she preferred. For instance, the wide, plain band could be replaced with lace and ribbons or flat bands of embroidery or a very full ruffle or knife plaiting of the same material.

There is another style of morning or tea gown that pleases some women better than these loose and shapeless ones, so that the lady who prefers the snug and cozy to the large and luxurious can be suited. This was made of light gray silk warp henrietta, cut Gabrielle style, open down the front over a fall of white lace over pink silk. There was a round, double collar of velvet of a darker shade, and two folds down the front. The sleeves were plain gigot, and the whole was simply perfect. This model would be a suitable one to reproduce in summer fabrics, and if a narrow tape is stretched down with each bias seam it can be washed as well as if cut on the straight. The skirt portion is cut so that the bottom measures about five yards around.

For misses of 15 and thereabout there have been two particularly dainty and girlish designs in frocks put forward. One is of stone gray mousseline de laine, with two narrow velvet folds at the bottom. The belt is of folded velvet, and the yoke looks like a pile of plates, being made of folds of velvet superposed. There is a deep plait laid front and back from yoke to foot, and all other fullness is by gores. The sleeves are very neat.

The other is of tan colored cashmere trimmed with moss green velvet yoke, sash and forearms. A very narrow rose plaiting of ribbon with picot edge to match the color of the dress finishes the bottom. The skirt is full in the back and slightly draped under the rosette at the waist.

### Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF INTEREST.

Although it is unquestionably true that the rage for favors has abated somewhat, they are still in demand for both dinners and luncheons, as well as for germans, to which they were originally confined.

Among the really admirable selection which is offered by dealers of many sorts nothing is better than the bonbonnieres shown by confectioners of the higher grade. They are delightful in color, exquisite in design, and while they are made into receptacles for sweets for the time being, they can later be turned to a dozen more permanent uses.

One design, which is, perhaps, the most elegant of all, takes the form of an opera bag. It is made of the heaviest cream-white silk and has embroidered on it in dainty ribbon work forget-me-nots, tiny rosebuds, or tender jessamine. At the top it is finished with the popular extension clasp of fine burnished gilt, and when in use as a favor is lined with tinted paper and filled with the finest chocolates or with the more ethereal candied violets and rose petals of the palest pink.

Another is circular in shape and has a foundation of plaited rope surmounted by a soft, silk bag. It is quite new, and while very simple makes a good effect. It can be found in a variety of colors and—what is a decided recommendation to the girls who are still young enough to be lovers of sweets—it holds an abundant store. In either one color, well suited to the table decorations, or in different tints as may best please the fancy.

A novel idea is to use the snowy cup of the calla as a receptacle for sweets. At a recent luncheon each found at her place one of these graceful lilies tied with a white ribbon and filled with candied violets.

Yacht afghans, or couvre pieds, designed for yacht use, are made of flannel, embroidered in crewels in bold designs. Pillows accompany them.

One Day Soup.—Half a tin of tomatoes, five or six cold boiled or baked potatoes, half an onion, one stalk of celery, or a few celery-tops. Boil all together until the vegetables are very soft. Put through a colander, and pepper and salt, and a pinch of sugar. Just before serving pour in one cup of hot milk with a pinch of soda dissolved in it. Sift over the top a few breadcrumbs.

Bean Soup.—Bean soup properly prepared is a nutritious and reliable luncheon dish for children. Most recipes spoil the article for youthful digestion by calling for more or less salt pork to be boiled with the beans. This makes it too rich and, unless very little is used, too greasy as well. A good recipe for an average family is a pint of kidney beans soaked over night and boiled the next morning in three pints of water. A carrot, a blade of mace, and a small onion may be boiled with it if the children do not object to the latter. Strain through the colander and return to the fire. Add a half cupful of hot cream, and serve with small squares of toasted bread. The dice of fried bread is too rich for children's eating, and the toast will be found equally welcome.

Veal Pie.—Cut two pounds of veal cutlets into neat pieces rather small, and about half a pound of good ham or bacon. The latter may be left in slices if preferred; in that case it must be laid at the bottom of the dish and over the veal at the top. Many persons prefer it mixed with the rest of the meat in small pieces. If the ham is cooked first it will prevent the red appearance that veal in a pie sometimes has, but the flavor will not be good. Season the meat with pepper and salt to taste, a small teaspoonful of powdered mace, and two tablespoonfuls of savory herbs, and pour over it a teacupful of good gravy. The pie dish should be deep and lined partly down the sides with the crust, which should be a good short paste. Cover the pie with a fairly thick crust, and bake in a good oven for about an hour and a half. Before sending to table pour in as much good hot gravy as the dish will hold, and send more with it in a tureen.


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Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.22, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.02 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 5.30, 8.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

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10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

9.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m, Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m, Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge, New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 8.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 8.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.30 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.30 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.05, 9.30 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.05, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

5.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

### FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 8.00 a m, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 5.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 5.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 8.30 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.45 and 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.00 p m. Returning, 7.30 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.35, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 8.30 9.30, 11.00 a m, 2.00, 4.35, 5.45, 8.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gronloch, 8.30, 9, 10, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

### FOR LAKEWOOD.

2.45 p m, week-days only. Fast Express, without change; Parlor Car. Way trains (change cars at Winslow Junction), week-days only, 4.00 a m, 4.00 p m

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 629 South Third street, and 18 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

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